

SOMETHING WILD

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In a crowded downtown diner LULU HANKEL sips coffee and stares out the large window at the hordes of lunch time pedestrians that skirt past. Occasionally her eyes come to rest on a rather unexciting looking businessman who sits at the table directly in front of her. In his mid 30's, CHARLES DRIGGS is picking at a diet special and also keeping himself amused by watching the people pass on the sidewalk outside.

Once, just once, he chances a quick look at the woman across from him. He's met with a biting stare from her mascara-darkened eyes and he hastily returns to something more palatable and resumes eating.

Lulu watches him hail the waitress and get his check. As she continues to study him with casual interest he surreptitiously slips the check into his coat pocket, gathers up his newspaper and umbrella and unobtrusively walks out the door.

From her seat Lulu watches him pass on the sidewalk outside and disappear up the street. She flings a dollar down and rushes out after him.

Out on the street Lulu cuts a sharp contrast to the workaday world that inhabits this part of the city. Her clothes as well as her gainful stride are pure aggression. Her hair is ratted into a spikey nest and several earrings puncture each ear. At 26 she is both old enough and young enough to be very dangerous to someone of the opposite sex, especially someone like the unsuspecting Charles Driggs.

As she cuts her way through the crowded sidewalk and closes in on him it's apparent that this is his part of town. He fits right in, looking every inch the conservative businessman that he is. A dark gray suit, his well kept figure and that certain air of belonging label Charles as one of the thousands of office-dwellers that crowd the New York City streets during any given lunch hour.

LULU

Hey, you...

Her long legs quickly cut the distance between them.

LULU (CONT.)

Hey, you didn't pay for your lunch.

She grabs him by the arm and spins him around.

CHARLES

What?

2 CONTINUED

Startled, Charles stares at his accuser.

LULU

You didn't pay your bill, big boy.

CHARLES

Sure I paid. Didn't I?

LULU

The check's in your pocket.

He looks at her quietly and tries to force a sincere smile as he pulls the check from his pocket.

CHARLES

I guess you're right. Let me just pay you for that right now.

He pulls a five from his wallet.

CHARLES (CONT.)

Geez, this is embarrassing. I don't know how I could have done something like that, it's just not like me at all.

She stares at him, ignoring the money.

LULU

You do this sort of thing all the time, mister?

CHARLES

Why no, of course not. I have a lot on my mind. Business things, you know. I simply forgot.

LULU

No you didn't. You walked out of there deliberately without paying.

CHARLES

No really, here I'll pay for it now. You can keep the change.

She looks at the money with contempt.

LULU

I wanna know why a guy like you would skip out on a \$3.00 lunch?

2 CONTINUED

CHARLES

It slipped my mind. Here take
the money.

LULU

Maybe you'd like to tell a cop?

She scans the street for a policeman.

CHARLES

No, don't do that!

He hesitates and looks at her sheepishly.

LULU

Let me guess...Sometimes you
don't pay for a lunch tab? Or
maybe you'll steal a candy bar?
Or a newspaper?

He seems surprised that she could be so intuitive. She cocks
her head and smiles.

LULU (CONT.)

A closet rebel...

He stands admonished when a loud electronic beeping SOUND
begins to emanate from his hip. He fumbles for the beeper
on his belt, dropping his newspaper and tucking his wallet
between his teeth.

CHARLES

My telepager. I gotta call work.

She smiles at his predicament and shakes her head. Finally
he gets it all together and turns his attention back to her.

LULU

Where are you going? I'll give
you a ride.

She starts off across the street, not bothering to wait for
an answer. He begins to gather up his newspaper and reattach
the beeper to his belt.

CHARLES

Don't you have to get back to work?

He sort of half follows her into the street, still unsure of
what's happening as a car narrowly misses him.

2 CONTINUED

LULU
I don't work there.

She stops at an absurd looking Mustang and opens the door.

CHARLES
What? Then why all the business
with the check?

LULU
You coming?

She slides into the seat and hits the ignition. Charles eyes her long legs jutting from under her short skirt. He studies her body, the way she's twisted herself around and is looking up at him invitingly. He's interested but hesitant.

CHARLES
I've got to go by the bank and
then I've got to get back to work.

LULU
I'll drop you off.

CHARLES
It's downtown.

LULU
It's on my way.

He looks around nervously, as if to make sure no one sees what he's doing, then quickly climbs in.

3 INT/EXT CAR - DAY

3

The ailing muffler rumbles as the car pulls away from the curb. It looks to have been the dream machine of some suburban kid a few years back but has since lost its charm.

CHARLES
You think that was pretty funny,
don't you? The way you had me
going back there.

LULU
It was all right. I'm Lulu.

CHARLES
Uh, Charles, pleased to meet you.

LULU
Anyone ever call you Charlie?

3 CONTINUED

CHARLES

Not since college. Hey, where
are you going?

She speeds up.

LULU

I know a shortcut.

Charles hangs on as she wheels onto Varick Street. At the same time his beeper SOUNDS again, momentarily diverting his attention. He takes it from his belt and turns it off.

LULU (CONT.)

(reaching for beeper)

Can I see it?

She studies it with a pleasant smile on her face before tossing it out the window.

CHARLES

Hey, that's company property!

He turns to her, appalled at what she's done. Before he can say another word however, she accelerates and zooms into the Holland Tunnel, headed for New Jersey.

CHARLES (CONT.)

What are you doing? You're crazy,
you're really crazy! I gotta get
back to work. I've got meetings
this afternoon and a million
phone calls to make.

Her hair whips wildly around in the wind as they pick up speed.

LULU

Relax, Charlie, take the afternoon
off. You deserve it.

CHARLES

You gotta turn around when we
get out of the tunnel. I've got
to get back, this is not funny.
I wanna go back!

She ignores him and reaches into her purse to pull out a pint bottle of Seagram's Whiskey. She takes a drink and offers him the bottle.

LULU

Drink?

3 CONTINUED

CHARLES

I'm gonna have to do something
I don't wanna do if you don't
turn this thing around and take
me back.

She raises her eyebrows suggestively.

LULU

I can hardly wait.

She flips the RADIO on which begins the TITLE AND CREDITS. These roll as they speed through the tunnel. In the eerie flashing lights, between gritting his teeth and mumbling to himself, he takes the time to notice some bare leg peeking out about her stocking tops. She smiles at him between sips of whiskey as they exit the tunnel and race up the entrance ramp of the New Jersey Turnpike and onto the open highway.

4 INT/EXT OPEN ROAD - DAY

4

The car screams down the turnpike well past the speed limit as the CREDITS END.

CHARLES

Where are we going?

Lulu wiggles in her seat, adjusting her skirt and eyeing the ring on his finger.

LULU

Been married long, Charlie?

CHARLES

I asked you where we were going.

LULU

How many kids you got?

He takes umbrage at just how perceptive this woman can be with him.

CHARLES

That's not your concern.

LULU

Let's see the pictures.

CHARLES

What makes you think I carry
pictures of 'em?

4 CONTINUED

She gives him an incredibly warm look.

LULU
You don't have to be afraid of
me, Charlie.

He seems to relax a little as he pulls the wallet out.

CLOSE: A nice family portrait, Charles, his wife and two kids
smile for the camera.

LULU (CONT.)
Charlie, you're a real family
man.

Before he can put the wallet away she notices some of his
business cards and extracts one as Charlie glances uncomfort-
ably at the photo.

LULU (CONT.)
(reading)
Charles Driggs, Regional Manager
for the Tax Consulting Firm of...

CHARLES
(animatedly)
I was just made Vice President!
I start Monday as a matter of fact.

LULU
Vice President, huh? Well, here's
to ya, Charlie Driggs.

She takes a healthy gulp and offers him the bottle. He studies
it hesitantly.

LULU (CONT.)
Go ahead.

He takes the bottle and smells the contents.

CHARLES
I hope my boss doesn't smell
whiskey on my breath.

He sips a little and grimaces at its strength.

LULU
What's your boss's name?

CHARLES
Rich Graves. Why?

4 CONTINUED

LULU

Well, I wouldn't worry about
Mr. Graves smelling whiskey on
your breath.

She takes his business card and slips it into the top of one
of her stockings before reaching over and resting a braceleted
hand on his thigh.

5 EXT PARKING LOT - DAY

5

An empty pint bottle is jettisoned from the car as it roars
to a stop near a shabby liquor store in a run down mini-mall.

LULU

I want to get another bottle.
You want anything?

CHARLES

I've got to find a phone. I
have to talk to my secretary.

They cross the parking lot, Lulu hanging from his arm, looking
tall and lean, seemingly carefree. Charles is a bit uneasy.
This seems too good to be true, this beautiful woman at his
side. He heads for a nearby phone booth while she makes for
the liquor store.

6 INT LIQUOR STORE - DAY

6

A thick-set CLERK stares at her from behind the cluttered mess
on the counter as she scrutinizes the rows of bottles.

LULU

Let me have a couple of fifths
of Seagram's Whiskey.

The clerk remains unmoved, as if confronted by an alien with
teased hair and a colorful abundance of make-up.

LULU (CONT.)

Hey, bub, you work here or what?

This prompts him to action and he places the bottles in a
large bag on the counter.

As she's rung up she notices the cash stuffed haphazardly into
the till. She glances at the money and smiles at the clerk.
As she heads for the door her eyes scan the bottles behind
the counter, especially the top rows.

LULU (CONT.)

Oh look, Glenlivet!

6 CONTINUED

She turns back to the clerk and finds him bending over the counter watching her ass. He straightens up slowly and twists his head in the direction of her pointing finger. There on the very top shelf is some 12-year-old Scotch whiskey with what looks like that many years of dust on it.

LULU (CONT.)

I've just got to have a bottle of that. It's my favorite. I'm sorry, but could you get it for me, please?

Unhappy at the prospect of putting his large frame on a small ladder, the clerk nevertheless complies. He is soon carefully pushing himself upward on a shakey ladder and inching himself closer to the bottle, still 5 feet above his head. Due to his large size it's impossible for him to do anything but press himself as close to the wall as he can, thus limiting his vision and restricting his view of Lulu. She slides the cash drawer open and begins to fill her purse.

LULU (CONT.)

You know what, I'm part Scottish. I think that's why I really love Scotch. It's in my blood...

7 EXT PHONE BOOTH - DAY

7

Charles stands with the phone pressed to his ear, eyes shut tightly in concentration, fingers kneading his forehead.

CHARLES

...uh, lemme see, "Dear Sirs, in response to your inquiry, stocks acquired before 1 January '84 should not be subject to the anti-straddle rules irrespective of how long the stock may be held..."

8 INT LIQUOR STORE - DAY

8

LULU

...Okay, if my mother's mother was half Scottish and my father's mother was one eighth Scottish that would make me...

(CONTINUE AD LIB)

She skillfully scoops up all the bills in the register, even making sure to get the big ones under the coin drawer. The clerk strains himself to reach the dusty bottles and remains

8 CONTINUED

ignorant of what is going on behind him as she gets the last of the dough into her purse. She slides the drawer shut as he turns around with the bottle.

CLERK

This what you want?

Lulu grabs her bag and heads for the door, making sure to shake her ass a little extra for the stranded clerk.

LULU

You know something? I just remembered, I'm part Irish.

She smiles and walks out.

9 EXT PHONE BOOTH - DAY

9

Charles is still rapidly trying to rearrange his day and keep everything under control at the office as Lulu walks up behind him and listens.

CHARLES

(into phone)

...my 2:00 to 9:15 Monday, my 2:30 to Monday afternoon, hopefully after my 1:45 meeting, and then see if you can get me out of the 5 o'clock squash with...

Lulu clicks the receiver down.

CHARLES (CONT.)

Jesus, that was the office...

Before he can finish she lays a vicious kiss on him, leaving him stunned.

LULU

Coming?

She turns and walks across the parking lot. He watches her glide away and carefully replaces the receiver before following her.

10 INT/EXT CAR - DAY

10

The Mustang cruises along a narrow two lane road. Charles, his arm around the back of Lulu's seat, has twisted himself into a position where he can comfortably look at her while she drives. Every so often he sips from the bottle that rests in his lap.

10 CONTINUED

CHARLES

(enthusiastically)

...Now the concept of substantial reduction of risk is really pretty amorphous right now. But, there is a tax act currently in the works that would authorize regulations to be written amplifying what is meant by substantial reduction of risk...

She regards him with amusement before cutting him off by flipping the RADIO ON.

LULU

So, Charlie, what else do you do for fun besides steal candy bars?

He takes another hit off the bottle. The booze is having an effect on him. He's much more relaxed and slides down even further into the seat while gazing at her lustfully. A smile creases one side of his mouth. He leans closer to her, as if to reveal something confidential.

CHARLES

You were right when you said I was a rebel. I just channeled my rebellion into the mainstream, that's all.

LULU

Yeah?

CHARLES

To give you an example, in '81 I went long term Muni's and everyone said, Driggs, you're crazy.

LULU

Muni's?

CHARLES

Municipal Bonds. Tax free. Hell, I was lockin' in close to 15%.

He taps his chest with his thumb.

CHARLES (CONT.)

I may look straight, but right in there, that's where it counts. Deep down I have what it takes.

10 CONTINUED

LULU

Do you?

She swerves the wheel violently and they skid to a stop in front of a small nondescript motel, perhaps once nice, now gone to seed.

11 EXT MOTEL

11

CHARLES

What's this?

LULU

We're getting a room.

She gets out of the car and looks the place over. Seeing that Charles hasn't moved she goes to the passenger's side and leans in the open window.

LULU (CONT.)

Something wrong?

CHARLES

Maybe this isn't such a good idea, getting a room. Don't you have a place we could go?

LULU

How about your place?

This makes him LAUGH.

CHARLES

I could just see the neighbors watching you get out of the car and...

LULU

(interrupting)

You have money?

He looks at her questioningly.

LULU (CONT.)

I mean for the room. The rest is free.

He pulls his wallet out.

CHARLES

I can't use the credit cards
'cause they're all company plastic.
(MORE)

11 CONTINUED

CHARLES (CONT.)

Our accountant would sure wonder what I was doing in a cheap motel in the middle of Jersey on a Friday afternoon.

LULU

Use the cash.

CHARLES

I can't use it.

LULU

Why not?

He hesitates and looks at her sheepishly.

CHARLES

It's money for the Christmas Club.

LULU

What's a Christmas Club?

CHARLES

You put money every week into the Christmas Club. It's at my bank. That way when Christmas comes you're not low on cash. I do it every year. This is money for the Christmas Club. I can't spend it.

She looks at him incredulously.

LULU

Charlie, are you telling me we're not going to get a room 'cause you're saving money for Christmas presents...In the middle of June?

He looks at the money then at her. He sees her legs, her hands on her hips and the pouting red mouth. He sees her breasts pushing out of her shirt toward him. He sees a young woman waiting for him to get a motel room so they can go to bed.

CHARLES

Oh, to hell with Christmas.

12 INT MOTEL OFFICE - DAY

12

A CHIME sounds as Charles and Lulu enter the office. He looks around nervously as an OLD WOMAN steps to the registration desk and peers at them through thick glasses.

LULU

Hello, we'd like a room please.

Charles stretches and yawns conspicuously.

CHARLES

I'm tired of driving, aren't you, honey?

Lulu rolls her eyes at his efforts to hide an obvious situation.

WOMAN

How many nights?

CHARLES

Well, let's see...

LULU

Just for the afternoon. Unless, of course, he turns out to be a real animal.

She grabs one of his ears and gives him a playful GROWL.

13 INT MOTEL ROOM - DAY

13

The room is small and typical; bed, TV, simulated woodgrain dresser. Lulu makes straight for the bathroom to retrieve the paper enclosed glasses and pour them a drink. Charles takes time to examine the room, seeming to be very concerned with what he's getting for his Christmas Club money. He pulls open the drapes and looks out into the parking lot.

CHARLES

Not bad, I've stayed in worse.
Not really much of a view though.

Lulu sets the drinks on the night table. She then shuts the drapes violently, pushing Charles back and wrapping an arm around his neck. In a flash her tongue is down his throat as she maneuvers him toward the bed.

CHARLES (CONT.)

(nervously)

I've never done anything like this before.

She loosens his tie.

13 CONTINUED

LULU

Don't worry, I have.

Still in shock, he's pushed back onto the bed. Lulu is on him like a cat, tearing at his clothes like a wild banshee.

CHARLES

I want to keep the T-shirt on,
okay?

She peels his shirt off.

LULU

Why's that?

CHARLES

I don't know. I just don't
feel comfortable.

She pulls his pants off but leaves the T-shirt on. Somewhat embarrassed he climbs under the covers as she pulls her own shirt off, leaving only a flimsy torn white tank covering her upper body. She sits straddling his stomach, looking at him squirm helplessly beneath her.

LULU

How do you feel now?

CHARLES

Good.

LULU

You're not nervous, are you?

CHARLES

(unconvincingly)

No.

She takes a drink from the glass on the night table then digs into her purse and pulls out a shiny pair of handcuffs. He bites his lower lip as she holds them up and swings them back and forth.

LULU

You game?

He swallows dryly.

CHARLES

You're a funny girl.

13 CONTINUED

He holds his wrists out. She places his watch on the night table and quickly cuffs him to the head of the bed. Opening her purse again she next pulls out a tube of bright red lipstick. Applying a solid coat to her own lips she kisses Charles roughly, making sure that plenty of color is smeared over his face. Sitting up she next grabs his T-shirt by the collar and tears it open down the front.

CHARLES (CONT.)

Hey, that's new!

With a LAUGH Lulu grabs her tank top and rips it open in an identical manner, exposing her breasts. He stares at her nakedness and strains at the cuffs.

LULU

Charlie, you must not be getting enough at home.

She checks him out, like a meat inspector examines a side of beef. She is a little surprised to find him in quite good shape; firm, muscled, even a little tan.

LULU (CONT.)

Uhm, you look good enough to eat.

She kisses him again and rolls off the bed. Reaching into her stocking top she pulls out his business card and picks up the phone.

CHARLES

What are you doing?

She dials the motel office.

LULU

Can I get an outside line? Uh, to...

(reading)

New York. Manhattan.

She begins to dial the number on his card.

CHARLES

(freaking)

No, you can't do that! What is this? What is it you want? Is it money?

She climbs back onto the bed and waits with the phone tucked to her ear. A faint HELLO and a string of names is heard assuring Lulu she's reached the right place. In a voice

13 CONTINUED

dripping with heat and sexual passion she whispers into the phone as Charlie begs her to hang up.

LULU

Hi, is Charlie there? - When do you expect him back? - It's 2:00 in the afternoon, shouldn't he be there? - No, no message. Connect me with Mr. Graves' office, please.

Lulu smiles at Charles.

CHARLES

I'll pay you anything! Stop! Please!

Lulu assumes her best executive style voice and inflection.

LULU

(into phone)
Mr. Graves, please.

She lifts the receiver next to his ear where a look of utter terror contorts his lipstick-smeared face.

CHARLES

Uh, Richard. Hello, it's Charles Driggs...

Lulu begins to kiss her way down his chest and stomach until she disappears from FRAME. Only her hand remains visible, teasing the hairs on his chest as he tries to control his trembling voice.

CHARLES (CONT.)

...just called to let you know that I won't be back this afternoon. - No, no problem at all, just some outside meetings. I'll have copies on your desk the first thing Monday morning. - We'll go over it then, fine. Goodbye.

He lets the receiver fall and yields his full attention to Lulu.

LULU

Hey, Charlie, you're a pretty good liar when you have to be.

13 CONTINUED

She scoots up to the head of the bed and props herself against a pillow, grabbing her whiskey from the night table.

CHARLES
(breathing heavily)
Don't stop...please...

LULU
Cool down, tiger, we've got all
afternoon.

He twists himself onto an elbow as she runs her finger through his tousled hair.

CHARLES
You're really crazy, you know
that? You always do this sort
of thing with men you've just met?

LULU
No, Charles, sometimes we just fuck.

CHARLES
What happened to make you like
this?

LULU
That's funny, I was going to ask
you the same thing.

CHARLES
I'm just a normal guy. I don't
do things like this. I've never
done anything like this. I
have a family and house payments.
Normal stuff. Normal people
don't do this.

LULU
Petty larceny is your limit,
huh?

CHARLES
I think this is a little over
my head.

LULU
Face it, man, you're pretty
goddamn straight.

13 CONTINUED

CHARLES

I never imagined anything like
this would happen to me.

LULU

Well, it never will again so
you'd better enjoy it while
you've got the chance.

She kills the last of the whiskey in her glass and
tosses it onto the floor. Sliding down under the
sheets she wraps herself around Charles and lets out a few
guttural MOANS.

CUT TO:

14 INT MOTEL ROOM - DAY

14

Charles is sound asleep and alone in the bed. The
handcuffs dangle off one wrist. Lulu props a well
proportioned leg on the edge of the bed and fastens a
stocking. The movement causes the sleeping man to crack
one eye open and rub his head.

CHARLES

What time is it?

He reaches for his watch on the night table.

LULU

Time to get the hell outta Dodge.

She dries her wet hair with a towel.

LULU (CONT.)

If you wanna take a shower you'd
better hurry up.

CHARLES

What's the rush? If we leave
now we'll hit traffic.

LULU

I'm not going back to the city.
You're gonna have to catch a bus.

CHARLES

Where are you going?

She looks at him, a little amused.

14 CONTINUED

LULU
Pennsylvania. Back to where I
grew up.

CHARLES
It's hard to imagine you
growing up.

LULU
What do you think, I was born
like this?

She tosses the towel at him.

LULU (CONT.)
Take your shower.

15 INT BATHROOM - SHOWER

15

The steamy water cascades off a tired Charles. Slowly he begins to lather himself and as he brings the soap higher it can be seen that he still wears the handcuffs on one wrist. A smile comes to his face and as he continues to lather himself he begins to LAUGH quietly. Before he gets too carried away, however, some unknown chilling thought wipes the smile from his lips and straightens him up, making his shower a somewhat more pensive ordeal for a few brief moments before his optimism and grin return.

16 INT MOTEL ROOM - DAY

16

Lulu sits at the cheap dresser applying dark lines to her eyes as bathroom SINGING echoes from behind the closed door. On the TV, a local newscaster is interviewing the fat clerk from the liquor store, about the robbery that took place earlier in the day.

CLERK
...she was dressed real weird,
crazy hair, looked like one of
those punks. I had my suspicions
when she came in...

NEWSCASTER
And you say she was armed?

CLERK
Definitely armed. Looked like
a .38 or maybe a .9mm to me.
No broad's gonna come in here
and rob me if she ain't armed...

16 CONTINUED

LULU

Ah, you fuckin' creep. I don't
need a gun to take your money.

She stares at the TV in aggravation as Charles pops his
head out the bathroom door, grinning and dripping water.

CHARLES

You know something, I've been
thinking...

17 INT MOTEL ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

17

CLOSE ON: Charles' face, phone pressed to his ear.

CHARLES

(into phone)
Hi, honey...

He sits half dressed on the bed.

CHARLES (CONT.)

...geez, I know this is real
short notice but I've been called
away on business. I got a meeting
tonight in Philadelphia. - Yeah,
but what can I do? - I'll be back
tomorrow evening for sure. Love
you too...

Lulu looks amused.

LULU

Are you sure you know what
you're doing?

CHARLES

No, but what the hell.

She takes his hand and pulls him to his feet.

LULU

I'm starving.

He holds up his wrist.

CHARLES

When do I get these off?

LULU

You don't.

18 INT RESTAURANT - DUSK

13

Charles and Lulu sit in a booth by a window watching the rush hour traffic slide past. A WAITRESS clears the last of their dishes away.

CHARLES

Thanks, Rose.

Lulu LAUGHS quietly to herself and shakes her head as Charles helps Rose reach the last dish.

CHARLES (CONT.)

What's so funny?

LULU

You.

CHARLES

Wha'd I do?

LULU

That waitress...Using her name like you knew her.

CHARLES

That's what name tags are for.

Rose puts the check down and Charles quickly picks it up.

CHARLES (CONT.)

Thanks, Rose...

(studying the check)

It just makes things a little friendlier, a little more personal. I like that.

LULU

I like no names.

He reaches for his wallet. A worried look crosses his face.

CHARLES (CONT.)

I don't think I'll be able to...

LULU

Don't worry, it's on me. You got the room, I'll get dinner.

She grabs the check.

LULU (CONT.)

I'll be right back.

18 CONTINUED

She gives him a quick kiss as she gets up from the table.

LULU

You know, Charlie, I like you.
You're a nice guy. Maybe a
little too nice.

He watches her ass as she walks away. Sipping his coffee,
he shakes his head and rubs the cuffs that still
encumber his wrist with something nearing affection.

19 INT/EXT RESTAURANT - NIGHT

19

Unnoticed by Charles, Lulu pulls the car to a stop in
front of the restaurant. After several HONKS she gets
his attention and beckons him out with a wave. As he
passes the register he nods to the CASHIER and to ROSE
who stands next to her.

CHARLES

Thanks again, Rose.

ROSE

Sir, the young woman said you'd
get this.

The cashier, a solemn-faced woman with a countenance
that hasn't smiled in 10 years, eyes him warily.

CHARLES

She didn't pay?

ROSE

No, sir.

He looks perplexed and turns to look at Lulu sitting
outside.

CHARLES

Are you sure?

ROSE

Yes, sir. She said the gentleman
would pay for dinner.

CHARLES

(musing)

The gentleman, huh?

He pulls out his wallet and the company plastic.

19 CONTINUED

CHARLES

Okay, what's it come to, Rose?

ROSE

I'm sorry, we don't accept
credit cards.

She points to a hand-scrawled sign on the wall reading
NO CHECKS OR CREDIT CARDS ACCEPTED. The cashier
whispers something to Rose, and they both stare
apprehensively at his handcuffed wrist. From the
kitchen the COOK, a greasy, mean looking individual,
emerges to add further to Charles' stew.

CHARLES

I don't believe this.

He turns and gives Lulu, safe and secure in the car
outside, a murderous look.

20 INT/EXT CAR/RESTAURANT - NIGHT

20

From the car Lulu watches poor Charles argue and
gesticulate, pausing now and then to shoot her a burning
glance through the window. She, on the other hand, finds
this great fun and SNICKERS periodically. Charles
finally begins advancing to the rear, the cook advancing
after him. It's now or never - he turns and makes his
break. Lulu opens the door in time for him to jump in.
She burns the tires in a squeal of rubber while the cook
makes a futile grab for them. As they hit the street
she breaks into peals of LAUGHTER.

CHARLES

What's the idea?! I coulda
been killed.

LULU

Ah, c'mon, you know you don't
like paying those things.

He breathes hard and fast, the excitement still pumping
through him.

CHARLES

(laughs)

I still got the ol' wheels, huh?
Did you see me? Jesus!

LULU

Yeah, pretty quick for an old guy.

20 CONTINUED

CHARLES

You think he got the license number?

LULU

Oh, Charlie...

With the growing realization that they're safe Charles' mood begins to become expansive again. He's soon beaming at the thought of his narrow escape.

21 EXT BUS STATION - NIGHT

21

The Mustang pulls to a halt in front of a small town bus station. Behind the car a bus with NEW YORK CITY in the front window denotes the destination. Charles and Lulu sit in the car looking out at the bus and its imminent departure.

CHARLES

Hey, what gives?

LULU

Last chance. That bus'll have you home in time to kiss the kiddies goodnight.

CHARLES

Look, my family has nothing to do with you and me, so forget 'em.

There is a LOUD hiss of air from the bus's brakes.

CHARLES (CONT.)

What's this thing you've got with my family anyway? Married life has its problems but you can't condemn it until you've tried it.

LULU

That sounds like a proposal.

Charles looks at her with a sly grin and a half raised eyebrow.

LULU (CONT.)

Don't get any ideas.

CHARLES

A guy can dream, can't he?

21 CONTINUED

LULU

Not in your case.

The door of the bus slams shut and the engine whines. It pulls away out of the station. Lulu puts the car in gear.

LULU (CONT.)

I didn't mean to give you a hard time about your family.

She hits the RADIO and peels out of the bus station.

22 INT/EXT CAR - NIGHT

22

The RADIO blasts out the pounding beat of the song WILD THING. With the music, the booze and inhibitions forgotten, Charles lies sprawled in the seat, his head in Lulu's lap and his feet pushed out the open window, cheeseburger in hand.

CHARLES/LULU

"...Wild Thing...you make my heart sing...you make everything...groovy..."

They howl into the quiet night, eating and drinking and laughing, trying their best to stay on key.

The car speeds past a large sign that reads WELCOME TO PENNSYLVANIA.

CHARLES/LULU (CONT.)

"...but I wanna know for sure..."

23 EXT MOTEL - NIGHT

23

The Mustang, one door ajar, stands abandoned on the small front lawn of what appears to be a very popular motel, not an empty parking place in sight. A soft light emanates from a single window.

24 INT MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

24

The glow from a blue neon sign outside is the only light that filters in through the drapes of yet another cheap motel. Charles and Lulu are in the throes of an intense sexual burn. Every action is as if it were done in slow motion.

LULU

Charlie?

24 CONTINUED

CHARLES

Uhm.

There is a long and deliciously slow pause.

LULU

Nothing...

FADE OUT

FADE IN

25 EXT MOTEL - MORNING

25

The early morning brings the first activity of another day. The last car pulls out of the motel lot, leaving the Mustang conspicuously alone on the patch of grass.

26 INT MOTEL ROOM - DAY

26

Lulu lies curled in a ball, alone in the bed. She opens her eyes slowly and looks around. Turning over she finds no sign of Charles. Lethargically she pulls herself from the bed and goes to the window. She pulls the drapes aside and looks out across the parking lot.

LULU'S POV - Charles is at the phone again. In a booth on the sidewalk he is lost in concentration.

She looks somewhat less than pleased to see that the first thing on Charles' mind is more phone calls. The drapes fall shut.

27 EXT PHONE BOOTH - MORNING

27

CHARLES

...You know that, Scott. This is the first one I've missed.

(laughs)

...and the last!

(laughs)

Yes, I promise. Hey, knock one over the fence for your old man, and tell Leslie I love her...

Charles hangs up, his smile fades and his face looks as if he just bit into a lemon. He turns back to the motel, a brown bag in his hand.

28 INT MOTEL - MORNING

28

CHARLES

Lulu?

Charles, finding the bed empty, begins an earnest search for the missing Lulu.

CHARLES (CONT.)

Lulu, you here?

The bathroom door stands ajar. From behind it comes the SOUND of someone urinating. Cautiously Charles pokes his head in.

CHARLES (CONT.)

Oh sorry...

He finds Lulu sitting on the toilet looking very nonchalant about their occupation of the same bathroom. He starts to make more apologies and back out.

LULU

What's in the bag?

Being more bold, Charles advances a little into the tiny bathroom. She watches him as he looks into the mirror at his hungover face.

CHARLES

It took a while but that whiskey finally caught up with me.

He pulls out a bottle of Pepto-Bismol and takes a gulp.

LULU

How can you drink that stuff?

CHARLES

I haven't had hard liquor in years. My head's killing me, I've got to do something.

Lulu gets up and flushes the toilet. She grabs the whiskey off the dresser and pours herself about three fingers worth.

LULU

Hair of the dog that bit you.

She puts the glass to her lips.

CHARLES

You can't be doing that to yourself. This stuff's poison. It'll kill you.

28 CONTINUED

He takes the bottle of Pepto-Bismol and pours a large amount into a glass for her.

LULU

Ah, Charlie.

She looks touched by this act of Charles'.

29 EXT SIDEWALK - MORNING

29

A still hungover Charles tries to keep pace with Lulu as they take leave of the motel.

LULU

Shit.

Charles looks up to see the Mustang being ticketed by a big COP who rests one booted foot on the bumper in a leisurely manner.

CHARLES

The guy at the restaurant did get the license number.

As they come abreast of the car a tow truck begins the routine of hauling it away. Lulu looks at it being hooked up with agitation showing on her face.

COP

This your car, pal?

Charles jumps slightly at being spoken to by a cop.

LULU

Naw, I just wanted to look at your bike.

The cop warms up to this idea and smiles. Even Charles smiles as he relaxes a bit.

COP

Are you interested in motorcycles?

LULU

No, I just like big things between my legs.

Charles jerks her away down the sidewalk by the arm, leaving the cop slack-jawed.

29 CONTINUED

CHARLES

(incensed)

You just never stop, do you?
Now they've impounded the car
and we'll probably get caught
for not paying that check last
night.

LULU

Damn, I had a suitcase in the
trunk.

He grabs her by the shoulders.

CHARLES

Listen to me! I can't afford
to get mixed up in things like
this. I have responsibilities I
have to think...

LULU

(shaking him off)

Don't worry about the car,
nothing's going to happen.

CHARLES

I am worried! Listen, just don't
blow this. Now, c'mon, we've got
to get the car back.

LULU

Back off, Charlie! If you don't
want to hang around then go back
to your barbeques and brunches.

She quickly scans the street in both directions.

LULU (CONT.)

Besides, we don't have to get
the car back. We'll just buy a
new one.

She takes off across the street leaving him standing
there on the sidewalk by himself. Looking carefully
before stepping off the curb, he reluctantly gives chase.

Across the street a large dilapidated sign announces in
seedy fanfare the home of ERNIE'S USED CARS.

30 INT ERNIE'S USED CARS - DAY

30

What passes for a showroom/office accommodates Lulu and a sleazy car SALESMAN. She counts out a small stack of bills, mostly 20's but also a few 50's. As the salesman recounts them she grins happily like a little kid buying candy. Through a window Charles is seen once again making another phone call.

SALESMAN

All right, I need to see some valid identification and something showing you do have insurance.

Lulu looks bothered by this request.

LULU

Can't you just take my word for it?

SALESMAN

I'm afraid not.

She digs back into her purse and fishes out a single, clean \$100 bill. She slides it across the table.

LULU

Can you take Mr. Franklin's?

He gives her his best used car smile.

31 INT/EXT CAR - DAY

31

An aged green Monte Carlo flies gamely down a narrow two-laned highway. Lulu breaks in the "new" car in daring fashion, squealing around corners and pushing it to high speeds while Charles sits slumped against the door.

LULU (CONT.)

C'mon Charlie, talk to me. What's on your mind?

(pause)

You wanna know where I got the money, right?

He straightens up and waits for a confession that doesn't come.

CHARLES

First, I wanna know where you got the car, that you can just leave it like that. Then I wanna know where you got the money.

31 CONTINUED

LULU
(singing)
D-I-V-O-R-C-E...Equable distribution
of assets. It's a popular song.

Her expression darkens as a frown crosses her face.

CHARLES
I'm sorry.

LULU
(snapping out of it)
Don't be sorry. I'm not.

CHARLES
Do you mind if I ask what happened?

LULU
We married too young, wanted
different things, grew apart.
You know, the usual stuff.

CHARLES
Why'd you marry him?

LULU
I'm a sucker for blue eyes.
Anyway, I told you not to worry
about the car. It was still
in his name.

Noticing something ahead, she begins to pull over.

32 EXT ROADSIDE - DAY

32

From a distance, the car can be seen screeching to a halt in front of an OLD BLACK MAN with a battered guitar under one arm. In tow is a small BOY, perhaps his grandson. The two hitchhikers pile into the car after a little repositioning and seat adjustment. The Monte Carlo swerves back onto the road.

33 INT/EXT MONTE CARLO - DAY

33

As the old man bends the catgut strings of his ancient guitar Lulu leads the group in an impromptu, bluesy rendition of WILD THING. With light-hearted ease she blends harmoniously with the guitar and the occasional vocals of the old man. Charles, getting into the mood of things, slaps time on the dashboard while in his lap the small boy gobbles up a sandwich and keeps rhythm by tapping a harmonica against the can of cola between his knees.

33 CONTINUED

EVERYONE

"...Wild Thing, you make
everything..."

As the car speeds along the highway the word BARGAIN can
be seen written across the back window in hand-painted
letters.

EVERYONE (CONT.)

"...Groovy"

34 SMALL TOWN MAIN STREET - DAY

34

The old man and the small boy depart down the sidewalk,
Charles and Lulu waving goodbye before heading into a
nearby second-hand store.

35 INT SECOND HAND STORE - DAY

35

In a cluttered little shop TWO ELDERLY WOMEN sit behind
a glass display case and watch a baseball game on a
battered TV. The shop is crammed with all sorts of
odds and ends as well as racks of used clothes.

LULU

Excuse me, we're interested in
something for the gentleman.

Charles and Lulu stand patiently as one of the old women
makes her way around the counter to assist them.

36 INT SECOND HAND STORE - DAY

36

The old woman helps Charles on with a jacket to match
the pants he already wears. The suit is a subtle blue,
made of sharkskin-like material. Lulu sits in a nearby
chair admiring his new look.

LULU (CONT.)

It's you.

He spins self-consciously in front of the full length
mirror.

LULU (CONT.)

Brings out the color of your eyes.
And remember what I said about
blue eyes.

The old woman stands to one side.

CHARLES

I don't know...

Lulu stands to adjust the shoulders, sizing him up and turning to the old woman.

LULU

What do you think?

WOMAN

Very nice.

LULU

Let me ask you, if you were my mother and I brought this man home as my husband, what would you think?

OLD WOMAN

Very nice.

LULU

He looks like a good husband, huh?

OLD WOMAN

Very nice.

(pause)

But I'd get rid of those handcuffs if I were you.

Lulu looks to Charles and then back to the old woman.

LULU

You're right.

37 EXT BARGAIN STORE - DAY

37

Charles admires his reflection in the shop window, fingering his hair and generally doing things he would never do with others present. In a moment Lulu steps out of the shop absolutely transformed. Gone are all the trappings of the East Village, make-up, ragged shirts, boots. Even her ears have lost their legion of ornaments. In her place a young neatly-dressed Lulu, looking tame and subdued in a simple print dress.

Charles stands stunned.

LULU

Don't look so surprised.

CHARLES

Wow...

37 CONTINUED

LULU

Get in the car.

As he climbs in she surreptitiously tosses his old suit into a nearby trash can. At her feet falls Charles' wallet. He remains oblivious as he piles into the front seat. She stuffs the wallet into her purse and hops in the car.

38 INT/EXT CAR - LATE AFTERNOON

38

The car pulls to a stop next to the curb of a quiet residential neighborhood. Lulu pulls a small key on a chain that hangs around her neck from out of her shirt.

CHARLES

What are we doing now?

She grabs his wrist and inserts the key into the cuffs.

LULU

Setting you free.

He rubs his wrist and watches her slip them into her purse, looking almost hurt that they've been removed.

CHARLES

Maybe I don't want to be free.

She slips the key seductively back between her breasts.

LULU

Maybe you're not.

39 EXT PEACHES' HOUSE - LATE AFTERNOON

39

Lulu rings the bell of a modest wood frame house. She grabs Charles by the arm and runs a hand through his hair as they wait for the door.

LULU

By the way, don't call me Lulu,
call me Audry.

CHARLES

Audry?

A frail aging WOMAN opens the door and scrutinizes them through thick bifocals and a worn screen door. She speaks slowly and with a deep Southern accent.

39 CONTINUED

PEACHES

Audry?

Lulu steps forward and hugs her mother.

LULU

Hello, Mama.

Lulu too seems to slip into a watered down Southern accent when she addresses her mother. They embrace awkwardly before she pulls away to introduce Charles.

LULU

Mama, I want you to meet my husband Charlie.

He smiles nervously and shakes her hand, caught off guard by Lulu's introduction.

PEACHES

Hello, Charlie...

CHARLES

Pleased to meet you, Mrs....

PEACHES

Call me Peaches.

LULU

It's her real name.

CHARLES

(politely)

Peaches...

40 INT PEACHES' HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - LATE AFTERNOON 40

Charles, Lulu and Peaches drink tea in a sparsely furnished living room. There is a nervous tension in the air as the old lady rocks in time to a clock on the mantle.

PEACHES

Charlie, what brought y'all down this way?

He smiles and clears his throat, stalling for a few seconds.

CHARLES

Well, Audry just said, 'c'mon, let's go see my mother.' So here we are.

He turns to Lulu.

40 CONTINUED

CHARLES (CONT.)

Audry's a very impulsive woman sometimes. That's what I like about her.

PEACHES

When did y'all get married?

LULU

A year ago September. We're still newlyweds really.

(pause)

Maybe you can come up one of these days for a visit. We've got an extra room. It's gonna be the baby's room someday. Charlie fixed it up. He's real good with his hands.

This causes him to choke on his tea.

LULU (CONT.)

He wants a big family, but I don't know. Don't you think a boy and a girl would be nice, Charlie?

He looks at her benignly.

CHARLES

Whatever you want, honey.

LULU

You see, Mama, he's real good to me. He's just the kind of man you always said I should marry.

Peaches casts a steady gaze in Charles' direction.

41 INT LULU'S BEDROOM - LATE AFTERNOON

41

Lulu pulls Charles through the bedroom door and yells back to her mother somewhere in the house.

LULU (CONT.)

We're gonna lie down for a while, Mama, we've been driving all day.

41 CONTINUED

She shuts the door and pins Charles against it with a deep kiss. They both seem relieved to be behind closed doors.

CHARLES

Why'd you tell her all that stuff about us being married and having kids?

LULU

I wanted to make her happy.

CHARLES

She doesn't know you were married?

LULU

I never told her. She didn't like him anyway.

CHARLES

You might have let me in on your plans. I thought I was going to lose it down there.

LULU

That would have spoiled the surprise. I wanted to see if you could think on your feet.

CHARLES

How'd I do?

LULU

Like I said, you're a good liar when you have to be.

42 INT LULU'S BEDROOM - LATE AFTERNOON

With the SOUND of running water from behind a partially closed bathroom door as cover, Charles begins to do a little exploring. He fingers a few stuffed animals and examines some book titles before picking up a 1976 senior yearbook from the shelf. He moves to the bed and begins to flip through.

CLOSE: He quickly tracks down Audry Hankel. She gazes defiantly out from under a 70's hairstyle.

Charlie smiles and moves on.

42 CONTINUED

CLOSE: He stops on a page highlighted by red ink. A single face remains unblemished, even the name beneath it is obscured. It is the face of a young long haired boy with the earmarks of a hood. Scribbled in the margin are the words "My love 4 ever." A hand appears over the page, closing the book and removing it from Charles' grasp.

Lulu looms over Charles, still wet from her shower, wrapped in a towel. Charles' startled expression turns to a smile as Lulu collapses on top of him, wrapping him in her arms and legs.

43 INT PEACHES' KITCHEN - EVENING

43

Lulu butters an ear of corn and puts on a show of eroticism for Charles who sits across the dinner table from her. She runs her tongue over each kernel and glides her lips across the ear in a suggestive manner. He tries to stop her with admonishing looks but she continues her overt sexual allusions while Peaches, sitting in the next chair, remains oblivious.

CHARLES

Very good, Peaches.

CLOSE: Lulu's bare foot under the table probes the inside of his leg and moves gingerly to his crotch.

PEACHES

Well, it's nice to have somebody to cook for.

LULU

My mama's a great cook.

PEACHES

I tried to teach Audry but she just never took to it.

LULU

Charlie likes my cooking, don't you, honey?

CLOSE: Her toes tickle against his crotch.

LULU (CONT.)

He especially likes my desserts.

She smiles brazenly and gets up from the table.

43 CONTINUED

PEACHES

You get enough to eat, Charlie?

CHARLES

I'm fine, thanks.

Lulu puts her dishes by the sink.

LULU

I'm gonna get changed.

PEACHES

I guess I'll do the dishes.

CHARLES

I'll dry.

CUT TO:

44 INT PEACHES' KITCHEN - EVENING

44

Peaches washes dishes with a pair of rubber gloves while Charles stands by dutifully and dries.

PEACHES

You're a married man, aren't you, Charlie?

He studies the dish he's drying without answering.

PEACHES (CONT.)

Do you love my daughter?

CHARLES

I just met her recently.

PEACHES

You watch out, she's got some strange notions about life.

CHARLES

Yeah, I know.

She hands him another dish.

PEACHES

Did she tell you she's married?

CHARLES

You're not supposed to know that.

44 CONTINUED

PEACHES

Her taste in men...God help us.
(shaking her head)
That husband of hers...He was
never any good. He was a local
boy she went to school with,
never held a job, rotten to the
core. He went to prison a few
years back. I'm glad to see
Audry's finally realized what
kind of man he is. Still,
you're married.

He puts a few dishes away self-consciously.

PEACHES (CONT.)

Why'd y'all come down?

CHARLES

I think she just wanted to see
you. How long's it been?

PEACHES

Four or five years, I guess.
Since she moved up there to
New York City I don't see her
much.

CHARLES

She must have felt it was
time for a visit.

PEACHES

You got a family, Charlie?

CHARLES

Uh, well, not exactly, uh,
yeah...

PEACHES

I don't know why Audry has to
go messin' around with married
men.

She hits the switch to the garbage disposal and the air
is pierced by its guttural WHIR. As Charles finishes
the last dish Lulu appears. She has changed even more
since the transformation at the second hand store. Her
face is now make-up free and her hair virtually straight
and combed out. She wears a white cotton dress cinched
at the waist with a belt to show off her long legs and
shapely figure.

44 CONTINUED

CHARLES

You look great.

He stands awe-struck, drying the same plate over and over.

LULU

I combed my hair out. It had a few knots in it.

She holds her dress out.

LULU (CONT.)

I had this dress in high school. My mama never throws anything out, do you, Mama?

She wraps an arm around Charles.

LULU (CONT.)

Mama, you know we forgot to bring our suitcase. We left it sitting right by the door. I'm glad I still had some clothes upstairs but poor Charlie's gotta wear what he's got on all weekend.

She gives him a kiss.

LULU (CONT.)

Poor baby.

45 EXT PEACHES' HOUSE - DUSK

45

Out on the front porch Lulu hugs her mother goodbye while Charles stands to one side and quietly watches.

LULU (CONT.)

Goodbye, Mama. I'll try and get down more often. It's just that Charlie's job keeps him so busy.

She gives her a kiss.

LULU (CONT.)

Charlie, kiss Mama goodbye.

CHARLES

Goodbye, Peaches.

He extends his hand cordially.

45 CONTINUED

LULU

Give her a hug and a kiss.
She's my mama.

Peaches goes on tiptoe to give him a quick peck on the cheek.

PEACHES

Goodbye, Charlie. You watch yourself now.

They walk to the car as the old lady watches them from the doorway.

46 INT/EXT CAR/PEACHES HOUSE - DUSK

46

As they approach the car, Charles runs around and gallantly opens the driver's door for Lulu. A little flustered by this, Lulu grins shyly while climbing in.

LULU

C'mon. Let's go.

Lulu starts the engine as Charles races around to the other side and leaps in.

CHARLES

Where to?

LULU

That's the big surprise.

The car pulls away from the curb and they wave to Peaches.

LULU (CONT.)

Wha'd she mean by telling you to watch yourself?

CHARLES

I don't know, she's your mother.

Lulu pulls a bottle of whiskey from under the seat.

46 CONTINUED

CHARLES (CONT.)

Are you going to tell me where
we're going?

She takes a hit off the bottle and passes it to him.

LULU

You're gonna need it.

47 INT BANQUET ROOM - NIGHT

47

CLOSE: "WELCOME BACK CLASS OF '76" decorates a large
banner stretched across the room. A BAND grinds out
a medley of mid 70's classics as the CROWD dances and
engages in furious reacquainting.

LULU

My ten year reunion.

Charles and Lulu stand in the doorway to this big blast,
she looking charged up but nervous and uneasy. Charles
gazes around in wonder.

CHARLES

You know, I didn't even go to
my own reunion.

LULU

I never dreamed I'd be at
mine.

CHARLES

Who am I supposed to be?

She holds her left hand up for his perusal. On her
finger is a wedding ring replete with several diamonds.

LULU

Don't worry, they're not real.

CHARLES

What else is new.

She grabs him by the arm and they maneuver their way

47 CONTINUED

to a table set up for receiving guests and handing out nametags. Behind it sits a very plain looking DONNA PENSKI. She is busy sorting through lists of former students and other reunion paraphernalia in her librarian-like manner.

LULU

Do we have to sign in or something?

Donna looks up surprised.

DONNA

Audry Hankel - you look incredible. Remember me? Donna Penski?

She pushes her less-than-well-developed chest forward for them to read the bright yellow nametag.

LULU

(uncertainly)

Sure, how are you?

DONNA

Fine, just fine. I've got a nametag for you.

(scribbling)

Is it still Audry Hankel?

Oh, I bet it's not.

She looks at Charles and smiles admiringly.

LULU

(proudly)

Driggs. Audry Driggs, with two G's. This is my husband Charlie.

DONNA

I'm gonna make it out Audry Hankel-Driggs. That way everyone'll know you're married.

Lulu turns to Charles and rolls her eyes in disbelief.

47 CONTINUED

DONNA (CONT.)

Also, we have these little reunion booklets that tell what everyone's been doing for the last 10 years. It even has everyone's address in case you want to touch base with old friends who couldn't make it tonight.

She hands Lulu the nametags and a copy of the reunion booklet.

DONNA (CONT.)

I bet you've got kids, don't you?

LULU

Two, a boy and a girl.

DONNA

(impressed)

Oh, how nice. What are their names?

LULU

Names? Uh...

She looks pleadingly to Charles.

CHARLES

Scott and Leslie.

LULU

Oh yeah, Scott and Leslie.

Donna looks perplexed, then breaks into smiles when she realizes she's been the victim of a joke (or was it?)

LULU (CONT.)

Just testing him. You know how they forget the damndest things.

DONNA

Really, Audry, I have to tell you you look just great. I'm so jealous.

LULU

Oh, well thanks.

47 CONTINUED

She turns on her heel, dragging Charles into the middle of the floor.

CHARLES

I can see you're going to be popular tonight.

LULU

You got it, Charlie.

As they work their way into the crowd Lulu is greeted by a large host of people. Charles is well aware of the stares they're getting. Lulu is the best looking woman in sight and he's with her. Various people WHISPER and point. With the stares and the admiring smiles he's soon walking on air. He shakes hands with strangers and smiles broadly, proud to be there with his new wife as he basks in the warm glow of popularity.

48 INT BANQUET ROOM/BAR - NIGHT

48

They make their way to the bar and order.

LULU (CONT.)

I'm certainly not going to have to worry about you, am I?

CHARLES

Yeah, this is all right.

(boldly)

I'll be honest with you - I've always been the shy type, introverted, it's kind of great to feel...well, popular.

LULU

I've created a monster.

As if indeed he is a monster, Charles lets out a GROAN and tries to hide his face behind his drink.

LULU (CONT.)

What's the matter?

CHARLES

You don't know me.

He rips the nametag off her dress and puts a smile on his face.

CHARLES (CONT.)

Just let me do the talking.

48 CONTINUED

Pushing his way through the crowd like a large water buffalo is LARRY DILLMAN and his wife PEGGY. They are on a beeline for the bar and a highly anxious Charles Driggs.

DILLMAN

Charles Driggs, what the hell are you doing here? I thought you never got out of the office.

He pumps Charles' hand furiously while turning to his wife.

DILLMAN (CONT.)

This is my wife, Peggy. Honey, you remember Charles, you met him last year at the Christmas party.

The two exchange greetings as Lulu remains mute .

DILLMAN (CONT.)

Oh, Charles, congrats on the promotion. You really deserve it. I always knew you were the type of guy to go right to the top.

CHARLES

Well, thanks, Larry.

LULU

I bet you say that to all the new VP's .

Suddenly everyone's attention has been shifted to Lulu who stands smiling pleasantly, waiting to be introduced.

CHARLES

Uh, this is Audry. We're...I mean, I've known her...

LULU

We're lovers.

She coolly snatches her nametag out of Charles' hand and presses it against her chest triumphantly. All eyes are immediately busy reading the name Audry Hankel-Driggs, especially Larry Dillman's.

LULU (CONT.)

I couldn't very well put Audry Hankel-That-Obscure-Object-Of-
(MORE)

48 CONTINUED

LULU (CONT.)

Desire, could I? Besides, I had to take Charlie's name for the baby's sake.

DILLMAN

You're going to have his child?

LULU

Well, I think it's his.

Dillman turns to Charles with confusion registering all over his face.

CHARLES

(defeatedly)

Larry Dillman works in accounting. He's down the hall from me.

LULU

Is this the guy who would have wondered what you were spending company money for yesterday afternoon by getting us a motel room in Jersey?

Dillman, now feeling he's in on the joke, laughs uproariously.

DILLMAN

Hell, Charles, we could have covered that. Just let me know next time.

Lulu gives Dillman a smile of mock gratitude.

DILLMAN (CONT.)

This is my wife Peggy.

LULU

We know each other. It's our reunion, remember?

PEGGY

(very reserved)

Hello, Audry.

There is an awkward SILENCE.

LULU

Well, aren't reunions fun?

48 CONTINUED

PEGGY

C'mon, Larry...if you'll excuse us.

She begins to pull her husband away from the unsavory situation but as he leaves he gives Charles a sly grin.

DILLMAN

Driggs, I didn't think you had it in you.

He shoots him a thumbs up and disappears into the crowd.

CHARLES

God, what have I gotten myself into?

He slumps despondently against the bar.

LULU

C'mon, don't sweat it.

CHARLES

Oh sure, don't sweat it. I'm ruined. That guy works in my office. If he opens his mouth about any of this...

LULU

That guy thinks you're a fucking hero. Did you see the look he was giving you? Play it up with him and you'll have him eating out of the palm of your hand.

(pause)

Believe me.

CHARLES

You really think so?

LULU

You're the new VP, aren't you? That alone is enough to shut Larry Dillman up.

He allows himself a small smile, repenting privately for his lack of faith.

CHARLES

(alarmingly)

Larry Dillman! Holy shit...

48 CONTINUED

He begins a mad, mad pat-down of his person. Almost ripping his coat off, he searches frantically for something in his jacket pocket. As he does he starts an insane fast-paced march to the nearest exit.

LULU

Charlie? What are you doing?

49 INT CORRIDOR

49

Now it's panic time. Charles is beside himself with fear and anger. Lulu catches up with him as he trots rapidly down the deserted corridor.

LULU

What's wrong?

CHARLES

I'll tell you what's wrong, company plastic! Valid company credit cards! My wallet was in my jacket pocket. Now it's gone!

His panic is quickly turning to desperation.

CHARLES (CONT.)

Larry Dillman for Chrissakes. It was going so great.

LULU

Calm down.

CHARLES

I gotta go find 'em. Gimmie the keys or get me a cab or anything. I gotta get those credit cards back or I'm fucked, my company's fucked, my promotion's fucked, everything's fucked. Oh God, I knew I shouldn't have done this, I knew I shouldn't have come with you. I knew it was crazy.

LULU

Charlie, I got 'em. They're safe. Stay calm.

Charles looks at her incredulously.

49 CONTINUED

CHARLES

You got 'em? Wha'd you mean?

LULU

Yeah, your wallet fell out of your jacket and I picked it up. You and the company are saved from embarrassment and ruin.

Charles' paranoia count is rising rapidly.

CHARLES

Why didn't you tell me?

She pulls his wallet from her purse and hands it to him.

LULU

I am telling you.

Charles breathes deeply, trying to stay calm and level headed as he examines the contents of the wallet.

CHARLES

Look, Lulu, you're a great girl - a few problems - but a great girl. You're loaded with potential but you're too much for me. Please, just let me catch a bus back to my boring but very safe life while I've still got one.

LULU

Charlie, I'm really sorry. I was gonna give you your wallet back. I didn't think it was that important. I was gonna give it back. Really.

Lulu seems genuinely touched by Charles and his concern for the way things have turned out.

LULU (CONT.)

You believe me, don't you?

He studies the sincerity on her face.

CHARLES

Yeah, I guess so.

49 CONTINUED

LULU

You're gonna wake up tomorrow
and you're still gonna be
Charlie Driggs, don't worry.
This'll all be over and done
with. We're having fun now,
let's leave it at that 'cause
tomorrow - no more Lulu.

She clasps her hands around his neck.

LULU (CONT.)

But, if you really wanna go...

He smiles.

CHARLES

Naw, tonight I'm a successful
businessman here with my
beautiful wife.

LULU

And I'm the successful wife of
a beautiful businessman.

They melt into a tender kiss. When they finally break
from their passionate embrace Charles finds himself
slightly stunned and gazing into Lulu's eyes.

CHARLES

(stammering)

Um, gosh...

LULU

C'mon, let's dance.

Lulu smiles and gives him another quick kiss before
grabbing his hand as she starts to drag him back inside.

CUT TO:

50 INT BANQUET ROOM - NIGHT

50

The band plays a faithful rendition of the perfectly
hideous song "FEELINGS." Charles and Lulu are wrapped
arm in arm on the dance floor surrounded by a score of
other couples. Off to the side Dillman catches his eye
and gives him a wink and a big smile, the kind men
who've been in combat together exchange. Charles
returns Dillman's knowing smile as the song ends.

50 CONTINUED

LULU

Jesus, I'd forgotten what lousy music we had in the 70's.

CHARLES

I'm sort of enjoying it. Want another drink?

LULU

Sure. I'm gonna get some air. I'll be over there.

She takes off for a relatively clear area of the room.

51 INT BANQUET ROOM/BAR - NIGHT

51

Charles pushes his way to the bar and tries to catch the bartender's attention.

IRENE

Got a light?

The WOMAN behind him holds a cigarette between her fingers and looks at him seductively. Her hair is jet-black and by her dress and seemingly sophisticated air it is clear she has lived some place else besides this small Pennsylvania town.

CHARLES

Uh, I don't think so.

He slaps his jacket pocket several times while she studies the nametag on his lapel.

IRENE

I'm Irene.

He looks vainly for a nametag.

IRENE (CONT.)

I don't believe in nametags.

CHARLES

Charlie, and I never had any concrete convictions about 'em one way or another.

IRENE

You're Audry's husband, aren't you?

51 CONTINUED

CHARLES

Uh, yeah...

IRENE

You don't sound too convinced.

CHARLES

It's just that I can hardly believe it myself. We haven't known each other long.

IRENE

You don't exactly seem her type.

He LAUGHS and nods his head in agreement.

CHARLES

Yeah well, what can I tell you...

IRENE

You seem too refined for someone like Audry.

He shrugs good-naturedly.

CHARLES

She is a little rough around the edges, isn't she? But I like that.

IRENE

Where do you live, Charlie?

CHARLES

New York. Out on the Island actually. I work in the city.

IRENE

Doing what?

CHARLES

You certainly seem overly interested in Audry and me.

IRENE

We're old friends.

CUT TO:

52 INT BANQUET ROOM - NIGHT

52

LULU

Bitch.

52 CONTINUED

Lulu stands in a small group of people, which includes the Dillmans, and watches Charles and Irene from across the room.

DILLMAN

I had no idea Charles had such a way with the ladies.

LULU

Neither did he.

53 INT BANQUET ROOM/BAR - NIGHT

53

IRENE

I get up to New York once in a while. Perhaps we could have a drink sometime?

Charles glances across the room to find Lulu giving him a cold stare.

CHARLES

I don't think so. I'm a married man.

He points to the ring on his finger.

CHARLES (CONT.)

Enjoy the reunion.

He takes off in the direction of Lulu and her small group.

54 EXT PARKING LOT - NIGHT

54

Charles and a slightly steamed Lulu exit the party through a side door to cool out in the parking lot. In the stillness of the night the SOUNDS of the reunion can still be heard as he tries to keep up with Lulu who seems bent on losing herself in the myriad of parked cars.

CHARLES

I think it's wonderful how old relationships can be rekindled after so many years...

LULU

The bitch.

He laughs to himself and continues relishing the effect it is having on Lulu.

54 CONTINUED

CHARLES

Take you and Irene for example,
a close friend and former
classmate...

LULU

The goddamned bitch.

She suddenly turns to Charles.

LULU (CONT.)

And you certainly didn't do
anything to discourage her.
For a married man who hasn't
spoken to another woman in
years you're really outdoing
yourself.

CHARLES

When it rains it pours.

LULU

I ought to go back in there...

Charles grabs her and begins a sloppy waltz between the
parked cars.

CHARLES

(singing)

FEELIN'S...WHOA, WHOA, WHOA,
FEELIN'S...

His singing and coordination are so deplorable that after
a moment Lulu can't help but break down into smiles and
accompany him in his demented waltz.

CHARLES (CONT.)

(louder)

FEELIN'S...WHOA, WHOA, WHOA,
FEELIN'S...

He dances her further into the parking lot and finally,
in a truly graceless move, bends her backwards over
the hood of a parked car.

55 INT/EXT CADILLAC - NIGHT

55

CLOSE: The rearview mirror holds the image of Lulu and
Charles as they continue to embrace with ever increasing
fury.

55 CONTINUED

His head resting through the open window, RAY SINCLAIRE watches the couple in the mirror from half a dozen cars away. Unmoved by what he sees, he casually blows smoke from a cigarette through his nose and continues to watch the show. He looks away only once, to sip from a pint bottle of Seagram's Whiskey and run a hand through his wavy hair.

56 INT BANQUET ROOM - NIGHT

56

Lulu and Charles back on the dance floor as the band blasts "Get Down Tonight". Charles gradually throws his inhibitions to the wind and really begins to move. A pleasantly surprised Lulu matches his steps, twists, and spins. As the band blazes to a climax, Charles snaps into an astonishing, very personalized series of robot poplocks and moonwalk glides. The band segues into a romantic number. A very delighted Lulu grabs Charles and pulls him close in a tight knit slow dance.

RAY

Hi, baby.

Lulu opens her eyes to find Irene and Ray dancing not more than three feet away. Ray grins at her. He is an intense looking individual with a ragged haircut that falls into his piercing eyes. Although possessing fierce good looks there is something disquieting about his nature, something brooding beneath that disarming smile of his.

RAY (CONT.)

Surprise.

Charles maneuvers himself into position so that he too can get in on the conversation. He smiles at Ray and nods an acknowledgement to Irene. Lulu stops dancing and pushes Charles away through the crowd.

LULU

Let's go.

CHARLES

I know you don't like Irene but that's no reason to be rude. She was only dancing next to us. I'm glad she found someone...

LULU

C'mon.

56 CONTINUED

As they make their way off the floor the music ends and the lights go up, indicating the festivities are over. Before they can make a clean escape, however, the crowd hems them in.

CHARLES

I guess it's over anyway.

As they try and fight their way out the Dillmans corner them.

DILLMAN

You gonna be here in town tomorrow, Charles?

CHARLES

I don't know. I kinda wanted to get an early start back.

DILLMAN

How about brunch?

As Charles stumbles for an answer Ray and Irene stroll up.

RAY

Hi there.

CHARLES

Hi, I'm Charlie, Audry's husband.

RAY

Well, Charlie, pleased to meet you.

He extends his hand and they shake.

RAY (CONT.)

I'm Ray and this is Irene.

CHARLES

We've met.

DILLMAN

I'm Larry Dillman and this is my wife Peggy.

RAY

Well, we know ol' Peg, don't we, Peg? We all went to school together here.

56 CONTINUED

Peggy averts her eyes and clears her throat.

DILLMAN

Well, Charles and I work together
in New York.

Ray flashes a charming smile, his incredible magnetism
drawing all eyes to him.

RAY

Ain't that something.

He turns his charm and attention in Lulu's direction.

RAY (CONT.)

I haven't seen you in a while,
Audry.

LULU

Seems like only yesterday.

He LAUGHS good naturedly at this.

RAY

How time changes things.

There is an odd silence between them.

LULU

We've got to go. Nice to see
all of you. Maybe we can meet
again in another 10 years.
C'mon, Charlie.

She pulls him away into the crowd. Dillman watches
them go and quickly turns to Ray for some macho male
chatter.

DILLMAN

Boy, that guy really landed on
his feet.

RAY

How's that?

DILLMAN

Just nine months ago his wife
takes the kids and runs off
with the family dentist. If
you ask me, that was the best
thing that ever happened to
Charles Driggs.

56 CONTINUED

Ray's smile fades into a cold hard frown as he rubs the cleft of his chin with a rolled up reunion booklet and watches them disappear through the door.

RAY
Yeah, I believe that.

57 EXT PARKING LOT - NIGHT

57

Lulu fumbles for the keys to the Monte Carlo. Nervously, she tries to open the door. After several failed attempts Charles intervenes and with a smooth move opens the door for her. Just as she's about to slide in, an old black Cadillac pulls to a stop in front of the car. It's of mid-sixties vintage, with a ragtop and wide chrome bumpers. Slowly the top begins to peel back accompanied by the WHIR of the electric motor. Charles and Lulu watch as a smiling Ray, with Irene next to him, comes into view.

RAY
Hi, y'all.

CHARLES
How'd you get out here so fast?

RAY
I used to ditch class a lot.
I had to know all the side doors
in the building. They're still
there.

Charles smiles at the two of them while Lulu still fumbles for the keys.

RAY (CONT.)
I thought maybe we could all go
have a drink together. The
party's over here but we've
still got time for a quick one
somewhere.

LULU
I don't think so.

RAY
C'mon, it'll be fun. You
don't mind do you, Charlie?
We all went to school together
and I thought it might be
kinda nice to talk over old
times.

57 CONTINUED

CHARLES
It's okay with me.
(turning to Lulu)
Honey?

RAY
Wha'd you say, Audry? One drink?

She remains uncharacteristically mute as her eyes burn holes into the smiling Ray.

RAY (CONT.)
You don't want me to tell Charlie
about how you spent your free
periods, do you?

He winks at Charles.

CHARLES
C'mon, honey, one drink.

LULU
(grudgingly)
Okay. One drink.

RAY
All right! I'll drive.

Ray exchanges a quick high-five with a startled Charles.

CHARLES
(laughing)
All right!

58 INT/EXT CADILLAC - NIGHT

58

The big Caddy cruises down almost deserted streets in the small town. Charles and Lulu huddle in the back of the windy convertible as Ray drives casually with one arm flung over the seat around Irene.

RAY
Charlie, how do you like this
baby?

CHARLES
It's a beauty.

RAY
Yeah, they don't make 'em like
this anymore. What do you drive?

58 CONTINUED

CHARLES
(humbly)
A Ford stationwagon.

Ray tries to suppress a snicker as he turns and looks at Lulu.

RAY
A stationwagon?

LULU
I like stationwagons.

RAY
Sure you do.

59 EXT/INT CADILLAC/STOPLIGHT - NIGHT

59

He slows to a stop at a red light. Next to them sits the Dillmans. Larry rolls the window down with delighted surprise.

DILLMAN
Hey, Charles, we're gonna go get pizza. You folks want to come along?

Ray turns back to Charles with a big mocking grin on his face. As he does his short sleeve shirt is pushed back and a tattooed Death's Head is revealed.

RAY
Pizza, Charlie?

CHARLES
Uh, no thanks, Larry. We've got other plans.

DILLMAN
Okay, see you Monday morning then, Mister Vice President.

60 EXT/INT CADILLAC - NIGHT

60

The light changes and Ray burns rubber through the intersection, snapping heads back and evoking startled exclamations from his passengers.

RAY
So you're a vice president, huh, Charlie?

60 CONTINUED

CHARLES
(proudly)
Yep, just got promoted.

RAY
Well, we'll have to make this
a night to remember.

CLOSE: Lulu catches Ray's eyes looking at her in the
rearview mirror.

61 EXT BAR - NIGHT

61

RAY
Shit, last call was five minutes
ago.

IRENE
We could always go by a liquor
store.
(checking her watch)
They sell for another twenty
minutes.

Ray slides into the driver's seat.

RAY
Now you're talkin'. I knew we
brought you along for a reason.

He turns to the backseat.

RAY (CONT.)
Okay with you, Charlie?

CHARLES
I'm up for anything.

LULU
Ray, why don't you just take
us back?

RAY
Ah c'mon, Audry, lighten up.
We're just gonna get a beer
to celebrate Charlie's promotion.
Huh, Charlie?

CHARLES
Let's go.

Ray hits the street with a squeal of tires.

62 EXT 7-11 STORE - NIGHT

62

The Caddy idles in front of the all-night store.

RAY
Irene, why don't you and Charlie
go in and get us a couple of
six-packs?

CHARLES
Sure, c'mon, Irene.

They start to get out.

LULU
Ray, where are your manners?
This is your town, you go.

CHARLES
I'll go.

RAY
Let 'em go.

LULU
I'll go.

She climbs over Charles and out of the car.

RAY
Irene, why don't you go with
her?

Irene gets out and the two women walk into the store.

RAY
Whoooo, look at that ass. That
is a work of art, huh? You're
a lucky man, Charlie.

CHARLES
Yeah, I know.

RAY
How long have you two been
married?

CHARLES
A year ago September. We're
still newlyweds really.

RAY
Yeah? That's wonderful. Where
you livin' these days?

62 CONTINUED

CHARLES

We got a nice place out on Long Island.

RAY

Yeah, where?

CHARLES

A place called Stoneybrook. I'm fixin' up a room for the kids.

RAY

You got kids?

CHARLES

Well, we intend to have.

RAY

Yeah, Audry was a little wild in high school but I always knew she'd get herself together one day.

63 INT 7-11 - NIGHT

63

LULU

Goddamn it, answer me.

Irene and Lulu stand back by the beer cooler, out of sight of the men in the car.

IRENE

I swear to God, I didn't know he was out. It surprised me as much as it did you when he showed up.

Lulu peers through several racks of junk food to get a view of Charles and Ray sitting in the car huddled over what seems like some very enlightening conversation.

LULU

I wonder what they're talking about?

64 EXT 7-11 - NIGHT

64

RAY

I know I shouldn't be askin' you this, but Audry was always the hottest thing in school and I was wonderin' what she's really like?

64 CONTINUED

CHARLES
(enthusiastically)
I'll tell ya, she's a great person!

Ray edges over the seat with one of his disarming smiles.

RAY
I mean in bed.

Charles, experiencing a new kind of macho comraderie with Ray, nevertheless grows uneasy.

CHARLES
Well, we have a good time and everything. She's uh...
(laughs)
You know...

Ray smiles eagerly, trying to coax a reluctant Charles into being a little more talkative.

RAY
C'mon, Charlie, you gotta admit she looks like she could fuck you right in half. Just fuck you to pieces.

CHARLES
My God, Ray, there's no call for that kind of talk!

Ray shrugs good naturedly.

RAY
Yeah, sure. I understand.
Sorry, man.

He hops out of the car in a graceful leap over the door.

RAY (CONT.)
Be right back, Charlie. I'm gonna go get me some smokes.

He quickly disappears into the store, leaving Charles sitting in the Caddy with a quizzical expression on his face.

65 INT 7-11 - NIGHT

65

Ray makes his way back to the beer cooler where Lulu and Irene are still getting beer.

65 CONTINUED

RAY

Irene, Charlie's lonely out there.

LULU

I've got nothing to say to you.

Irene stands dumbly.

RAY

Give us a couple of minutes alone, will you, Irene?

She shrugs and departs.

RAY (CONT.)

I was hoping you'd show up tonight, but I didn't think you really would.

LULU

When did you get out?

RAY

I've been lookin' for you.

LULU

Ray, how'd you get out?

RAY

I was on my best behavior in there, Audry. Just as nice as a goddamned altar boy.

(pause)

Where you been hidin' yourself?

LULU

I've been around.

RAY

Who's this Charlie guy?

LULU

He's nobody. I just met him.

RAY

Yeah, well he was out there braggin' about what a great piece of ass you are.

LULU

Bullshit, Ray, he's too damn nice to say something like that.

65 CONTINUED

They stare at each other over a six-pack.

RAY

Audry, I missed you so goddamned
much. Every...sweet...little part
of you...

He touches her hair and she shies away.

LULU

Ray, don't.

He encircles her with his arms.

RAY

You shoulda never quit me, baby.

She pulls free.

LULU

I was gonna write you but I
didn't know how to...

RAY

(cutting her off)
Write me! Oh fuck, Audry,
I'm up for a nickel and all
you can do is write?

LULU

I don't wanna talk about it.
I said I'd have one drink with
you. I figure I owe you that.
(pause)

But Ray...it's over. Just
understand that, okay?

RAY

You sayin' you don't love
me anymore? Is that what
you're sayin'?

She looks him in the eye and swallows dryly.

LULU

Yeah, I guess that's what I'm
sayin'.

RAY

(sarcastically)
Yeah, right.

65 CONTINUED

She turns and marches off out the door.

RAY (CONT.)

We'll see about that.

66 EXT 7-11 - NIGHT

66

Ray seems to have rebounded from the rejection he suffered a moment before as he slides into the front seat. Irene sits turned in her seat talking to Charles in back as Lulu slides in beside him.

RAY

Damn, I forgot to get smokes.
Irene, honey, can you run back
in?

He produces a \$5 bill and pushes it down the front of her low-cut dress.

RAY (CONT.)

Camel straights. Be a sport,
huh?

They watch Irene get out and go back into the store. After she disappears Ray slips the Caddy into drive and pulls away.

67 EXT STREETS - NIGHT

67

RAY

Goodnight, Irene...

He breaks into peals of LAUGHTER and is soon joined by Charles.

LULU

Shit...

Ray cracks open a beer and hands it back.

CHARLES

Are you just gonna leave her
there?

RAY

She's a big girl. She'll be
okay. Besides, I know those
two don't get along and it's
your night to celebrate.
I thought I'd make it just
the three of us.

67 CONTINUED

He stops for a light.

RAY (CONT.)

C'mon, hop up in front. It'll
be warmer.

Charles piles into the front seat but Lulu remains where
she is.

CHARLES

C'mon up front.

LULU

I'm fine back here.

CHARLES

Well, then take my jacket.

He strips his jacket off and hands it back.

RAY

Looks like it's just you and me,
pal.

CHARLES

Okay.

Ray blasts off into the night, the two of them laughing
and singing GOODNIGHT, IRENE, GOODNIGHT IRENE...

68 EXT GROCERY - NIGHT

68

The Caddy pulls to a stop in front of a small mom & pop-
style grocery. Charles kills the last of his beer and
tosses the can out.

LULU

Now what are we stopping for?

RAY

I still gotta get my smokes, remember?

CLOSE: From under the seat Ray extracts a small black
pistol and slips it into his waistband as he gets out of
the car.

RAY (CONT.)

C'mon, Charlie, I wanna show you
something.

Lulu grabs Charles' arm.

68 CONTINUED

LULU
Stay here with me.

Charles acts somewhat embarrassed at Lulu's clinging in front of Ray.

CHARLES
We'll be right back.

Ray hands her the car keys.

RAY
Here, listen to the radio.
(pause)
Charlie, you don't think she'd
drive off and leave us, do you?

Charles LAUGHS at this.

CHARLES
You wouldn't do that, would you?

She watches them stagger into the grocery arm in arm.

69 INT GROCERY - NIGHT

69

RAY
Ever been on TV, Charlie?

They enter the grocery. It's small and typical, attended to by some acne-faced KID getting minimum wage for his trouble.

CHARLES
No.

RAY
Here's your chance.

Ray puts an arm around him and herds him over to the counter. He points to the video camera scrutinizing them from above.

RAY (CONT.)
Look up there and wave.

Charles waves into the camera and watches himself on the monitor which sits on a shelf behind the counter.

70 EXT GROCERY - NIGHT

70

Lulu bites pensively at her nails, glancing at the grocery periodically and fingering the car keys.

71 INT GROCERY - NIGHT

71

CLOSE: The TV monitor is filled with the clowning face of Charles Driggs. In the background, Ray can be seen holding a gun on the boy clerk whose arms are skyward.

Ray, with eyes like a snake and as cool as a block of ice, holds a .9mm pistol a foot from the kid's face. Ray glances at Charles, still concentrating on the screen. He swings the pistol around and fires.

CLOSE: Charles' face explodes in an avalanche of shattering glass and TV entrails.

Charles turns just in time to see Ray give the young kid a sharp clout on the head with his pistol.

CHARLES

Jesus Christ!

Charles rushes behind the counter to attend the fallen clerk as Ray empties the cash drawer. As he finishes he grabs Charles roughly by the collar and hauls him to his feet.

LULU

Ray!

Lulu stands in the doorway gaping at the carnage that Ray has inflicted in the few short seconds he's been in the store. He pushes Charles toward her and presses the pistol behind his ear.

LULU (CONT.)

Goddamn you.

RAY

Just shut the fuck up or I waste
buddy boy here.

72 EXT GROCERY - NIGHT

72

Ray forces them out the door and toward the car.

RAY

Gimmie the keys.

He makes a grab for the keys in her hand. She resists and for her trouble Ray grabs her by the hair in brutal persuasion. Charles now, seeing Lulu taking a beating, does his best to stop Ray. He attempts to encircle him in an ill timed bear hug. Ray gives him a quick, sharp elbow to the nose, breaking it like a peanut shell.

72 CONTINUED

RAY (CONT.)

You motherfucker. You spoon-fed
motherfucker. I'll kill your ass.
You hear me? I'll kill you.

There is a brief, mad scuffle before Ray regains control
of the situation by sheer brute force. Once having done
so he grabs the keys and pushes Lulu and Charles into the
front seat, then hops in himself, gun in hand.

73 INT/EXT CADDY - NIGHT

73

The Caddy rips along through the deserted streets.
Charles sits with his head slumped into his hands, blood
oozing between his fingers. Next to him, Lulu sits
motionless, her hair flying around in the open breeze.

CHARLES

They'll get you. You know that.

Ray pulls a whiskey bottle from under the seat.

RAY

I'm gonna tell you something,
when I was a stickup man I used
to pull a job in some liquor store,
run around the corner, pull off
the ski mask I was wearin', put
on a different coat and walk right
back into the place I'd just robbed.

(laughs)

Man, it was wild. Those people'd
be so flipped out they wouldn't
know their own mothers. I'd be
standin' there when they described
what happened and who robbed 'em.
Half the time they thought it was
some nigger that did it.

He takes a pull off the bottle.

RAY (CONT.)

They're gonna be seein' your face
on that video tape, pal. It just
might be you they get.

LULU

You haven't changed, have you?

RAY

Not a bit, baby. I'm still the
same ol' Ray. I'm just like you,
only I ain't pretendin' to be
someone else.

74 EXT RAY'S MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

74

Ray pushes Charles and Lulu out of the car in front of a shabby motel. Producing a key, he herds them into one of the seedy rooms.

75 INT RAY'S MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

75

Lulu and Charles precede Ray into the small rundown motel room, not so unlike the ones they've been staying in themselves.

RAY

Okay, boys and girls, let's us
play a little game of true
confessions.

He flops down on the bed and begins to unlace the heavy combat boots he wears. Lulu leans against the wall while Charles attends to his broken nose as he slumps into a chair by the dresser.

RAY (CONT.)

Now I know you two can't really
be married. I ain't seen you in
a long time, baby, but they would
have sent me papers if you were
divorcing me. So why don't you
two lovebirds tell me what the
fuck is going on?

They remain mute as Ray pulls the boot off.

RAY (CONT.)

Well?

In a sudden fit of anger he throws the boot against the wall.

RAY (CONT.)

Tell me, goddamn it!

POUNDING erupts from the wall as someone in the next room tries to quiet the sudden outbreak of noise. Ray pounds back gleefully.

RAY (CONT.)

You want noise? I'll give you noise!

He hammers the wall with his fist and breaks into LOUD CACKLES of delight at the apparent aggravation he is causing in the next room. Lulu finally intervenes to prevent further anarchy.

75 CONTINUED

LULU

Stop it! Stop it, I'll tell you!

Ray ceases his late night demolition and sits back in anticipation.

LULU (CONT.)

He's just a guy. I picked him up in New York. We pretended to be married for my mama's sake. It just carried over to the reunion. Ray, the guy's married and has a family. It was just a joke that got out of hand.

RAY

(SCREAMING)

Bullshit! Bullshit! Bullshit!

As the decibel level in Ray's verbal rampage increases, the POUNDING from the adjoining room starts up again. This sends Ray into a frenzy and he leaps off the bed in a violent assault on the wall with his one remaining boot. He kicks the wall repeatedly, tearing large gaping holes in the cheap plasterboard.

RAY (CONT.)

I'll show you motherfuckers...

He continues his attack.

LULU

It's true! Ray, it's true! I met him yesterday. It's nothing. There's nothing going on!

Ray rips about 10 holes in the wall before his boot, unlaced and loose, flies off his foot forcing him to retire. The pounding subsides and he turns his attention to Lulu.

RAY

Look at you. You look like some goddamned TV show. Just like he does. I may not be educated like Charlie boy there, but I ain't stupid.

CHARLES

She's telling you the truth.

Ray draws a deep breath and makes a visible effort to

75 CONTINUED

calm himself down. He moves to Charles still sitting in the chair and puts a hand on his slumping head.

RAY

Is she? Is she tellin' me the truth, Charlie?

Charles, wary of Ray's violent tendencies, answers hesitantly.

CHARLES

Yes.

With one quick swipe of his foot Ray takes the chair out from under him. Charles lands in a heap on the floor, hands still pressed to his smarting nose.

LULU

Ray, stop it!

She leans down to help Charles back into the chair.

LULU (CONT.)

Charlie, I'm sorry I got you involved in this. I lied when I said I was divorced.

RAY

You're still lying! I know for a fact that your friend here isn't married. His wife left him because of you.

LULU

What? Are you outta your mind? I only met him yesterday. How many times do you want me to say it?

Ray leans over very close to Charles' wounded face and smiles menacingly.

RAY

Tell me, Charlie, when did your wife leave you?

Charles looks at him nervously and shifts in his seat. Lulu stares at him too, adding to his discomfort.

RAY (CONT.)

When, Charlie? Huh?

He takes his finger and taps Charles' nose, causing Charles to wince in pain.

75 CONTINUED

CHARLES

I don't know exactly. Last
September, I think.

LULU

Charlie?

Ray straightens up and turns smugly to Lulu. She glares at Charles, realizing for the first time that she is not the only one to have been playing games.

LULU (CONT.)

You lied to me...

CHARLES

I can explain...

RAY

(cutting him off)
Shut up! I'll explain it.
(turning to Lulu)
What it means is, I haven't seen
you since last August. Charlie's
old lady flies in September...
Enough said?

He runs a hand through his hair and stares at her, the Death's Head tattoo peeking out from beneath his shirt sleeve.

Charles LAUGHS incredulously as he tries to stem the flow of blood from his nose.

CHARLES

That's absurd. She's telling you
the truth, we met yesterday.

Ray looks to Lulu to gauge the truthfulness of his words. Indeed, it can be seen by the look on her face that she's been misled by Charles. Ray picks his pint bottle of whiskey off the night stand and takes a long pull, his concern for their relationship seemingly distilled for the moment.

RAY

Whooooee, open a window. It's really
beginning to stink in here. I mean,
who's shittin' who, huh?

He breaks into sarcastic CACKLES before disappearing into the bathroom for a moment.

75 CONTINUED

RAY (CONT.)

Here, shove some of this up your nose. You're makin' a mess.

He throws a roll of toilet paper on the dresser where Charles sits, head back, trying to stop the flow of blood from his nose.

RAY (CONT.)

Ever box?

CHARLES

No.

RAY

Yeah, I can look at you and see you never been hit. I used to spar around a lot in the joint.

LULU

As in prison.

RAY

That's right. Yeah...

(pause)

I was about the only white boy that would box up there. It was just me and a bunch of niggers. Man, they all thought I was crazy. By the time I got outta there though, they all had respect for me. I pounded that out of 'em. I got in that ring with anybody. Didn't matter if they were heavyweights, I'd fight 'em. 'Course, I got my nose broke three times in three years. But what the hell, a broken nose ain't gonna kill ya...

Ray smiles and sucks at his bottle.

CHARLES

Violence is no solution to anything.

LULU

(laughing)

Oh Christ, Ray, get him outta here. I'm bored with this asshole.

RAY

Shit, he'll have the cops here before we get around the block.

75 CONTINUED

Lulu drifts to Ray's side and eyes Charles icily.

LULU

Why? Nobody forced him to come along. This dildo's got too much to lose to open his mouth.

Charles looks at her with an expression of pain and anger while Ray ponders her logic.

RAY

Charlie, you understand the situation? A wife can't testify against her husband and it was you and me that robbed that liquor store. You know what I'm saying?

LULU

What he's sayin' is, if you open your mouth about any of this you can take that house in the suburbs and that promotion of yours and flush 'em right down the toilet unless you were lyin' about that too. So get out. Go home. Forget it.

RAY

Do it.

Charles gets up and walks to the door. Lulu pulls the car keys from her pocket and tosses them at him.

CHARLES

I'm sure you two will be very happy together.

RAY

Get the fuck out.

Ray watches him open the door.

RAY (CONT.)

I don't think you got the balls to show yourself around here again, but if you do...

He pulls a Marine K-bar from his boot and holds it up.

RAY (CONT.)

I'll cut 'em off.

75 CONTINUED

Charles looks at the knife and walks out. Ray puts a reassuring hand on Lulu's shoulder and gives it a squeeze. She eases away.

LULU

Just not so fast.

She moves to the other side of the room, keeping her back to him. His face begins to take on that familiar look of rage before he regains control of himself and shifts to a more sympathetic and calming tone of voice.

RAY

Audry, you're the only thing I have left.

LULU

Ray, you've been gone three years. Things change. I changed. I just can't go back to that...that...

(frustrated)

the kind of life we had before. We were poison! You know that! I'm sorry it had to happen like this, while you were locked up, but sometimes you have to...

RAY

(cutting her off)

Shit! Wha'd you know? Ten years of me payin' the rent while you dressed up in funny clothes and changed your name every other week! And now we're finished...

(snapping his fingers)

just like that?

(gently, almost fatherly)

Hell, baby, you're livin' in a fantasy world and always have been.

Lulu wraps her head in her arms and dissolves into tears. Ray turns to the window and stares out.

RAY (CONT.)

That fuckin' clown...

(nostalgically)

Remember how we used to say we loved each other so much we'd even die for each other? Still holds true, babe. Goin' both ways...

76 EXT LIQUOR STORE - NIGHT

76

The front of the liquor store spins crazily with flashing police lights and milling people. Next to a paramedic truck, the young kid's head is bandaged as he's questioned by a policeman. The CROWD of people surrounding them press closer as they attempt to hear what the robbery victim has to say.

CLOSE: The weary and worse-for-wear face of Charles Driggs can be seen staring intently between several bystanders. He surveys the scene, being careful not to be too conspicuous with his damaged nose, until he's satisfied the kid is all right.

As the questioning continues, there is now one less face in the crowd. Charles Driggs is nowhere to be seen.

77 EXT PARKING LOT - NIGHT

77

Charles can be seen approaching the parking lot, now empty save for the MONTE CARLO, from a block away. Breathing heavily, he finishes his marathon and rests against the door of the car. Slumping behind the wheel, he races the engine and takes off, speeding through the parking lot and disappearing into the night.

FADE OUT

FADE IN

78 EXT MOTEL - FIRST LIGHT

78

Lulu and Ray stumble out of the motel and climb into the Caddy. It soon pulls quietly out of the parking lot.

79 EXT MONTAGE OPEN ROAD - DAWN

79

As the sun begins to peek over the horizon the Caddy passes below a freeway sign informing them that they are on INTERSTATE 95 SOUTH.

Lagging back about 200 yards, a car tags after them.

CLOSER: It's the Monte Carlo.

80 INT MONTE CARLO - DAWN

80

Charles' face is beginning to bruise across the bridge of his nose and under both eyes. Beneath the damage is a look of intense determination.

81 INT CADDY - DAWN

81

Ray drives along with one wrist flopped carelessly over

81 CONTINUED

the steering wheel. Against the far door, Lulu stares out the window at the passing scenery.

82 INT MONTE CARLO - DAY

82

As the sun gets higher Charles opens the glove box and fishes out a pair of Lulu's sunglasses to shade his eyes.

83 INT CADDY - DAY

83

Ray jams a cigarette between his lips and looks for a light. He grabs Lulu's purse and begins to rummage through it, finally pulling out the handcuffs and a pair of stockings. He looks at her asleep against the door.

RAY

Old habits die hard, huh, sugar?

He drops the stuff back into the purse and uses the car lighter.

84 EXT GASOLINE ALLEY - DAY

84

A half a dozen gas stations shimmer in the hot afternoon sun. The Caddy pulls into one and stops. A few seconds later the Monte Carlo slips into a station across the highway.

Charles scans the station across the highway and watches as Ray and Lulu hop out to stretch their legs. She soon disappears to the bathroom while Ray takes care of the car.

PUMP JOCKEY

Fill 'er up?

Charles finds an OLD BLACK MAN holding a nozzle waiting for him.

CHARLES

You take credit cards?

PUMP JOCKEY

Sure, all major brands.

Charles gives him the go ahead and strolls over to the station office. The windows are crammed with all kinds of tourist crap for sale; shirts, maps, sunglasses, hats, tanning lotions. He grabs a soda from the cooler and returns to the car, glancing across the road to the Caddy.

84 CONTINUED

CHARLES

Can you add a road map to that?

PUMP JOCKEY

Anything you want.

He looks at the blood covering the front of Charles' shirt.

CHARLES

I'm prone to nose bleeds.

He examines his shirt.

CHARLES (CONT.)

Better let me have one of those shirts too. One of the blue and white numbers, a large. And a baseball cap, any one.

He hands the old guy a credit card. While waiting for his return he strips his shirt off and runs the water hose over his head.

PUMP JOCKEY

Here you go.

He returns with the goods and hands Charles the credit slip. The shirt is an odd one, a real tourist job, wide collar, short sleeves. He tucks it in, making his get-up complete. Tourist shirt, sunglasses, baseball cap. A man on vacation.

PUMP JOCKEY (CONT.)

You should get that nose looked at. It might be broken.

CHARLES

Hell, a broken nose ain't gonna kill ya...

Charles climbs back into the car.

The old Monte Carlo plows back out onto the highway as the Caddy does the same a hundred yards ahead.

85 EXT OPEN ROAD - AFTERNOON

85

The two cars speed along past a large billboard proclaiming the wonders of Virginia.

86 EXT HIGHWAY/TRAVELING - LATE AFTERNOON

86

A very sleepy Charles Driggs watches the Caddy pull into a motel courtyard. Rubbing his eyes he wheels the Monte Carlo across the street and into the parking lot of a truck stop/diner. Nearby, a small white church sits peacefully. Charles slumps into the seat and shuts his eyes, trying for a moment to relax.

87 INT MOTEL ROOM - LATE AFTERNOON

87

Sitting on the bed, Ray drinks from his whiskey and reads from the reunion booklet. He shakes his head and LAUGHS as he reads about his former classmates.

RAY

Hey, listen to this one.

(reading)

I have recently completed my managerial training for the Elbee Discount Shoe Stores.

(laughs)

It looks like I'll soon be living in Fairfield, Iowa where a new franchise has just opened.

Accompanying me will be my wife Joyce and the three small fries: Billy 5, Tina 3, and the newest addition, little Eric Jr. 11 months.

(laughing)

Dumb shit...

The SOUND of running water can be heard through the closed bathroom door.

RAY (CONT.)

Hey, you goin' swimmin' or aren't you?

(pause)

Get out here and lemme see how that suit looks.

There is no reply save for the running water. Ray throws the booklet down and hops up. At the bathroom door he KNOCKS.

RAY (CONT.)

Open up. Audry?

He steps back and with a swift kick takes the door off the hinges. There in the bathroom, draped over the shower rod, is a new swim suit.

88 EXT HIGHWAY - DUSK

88

Lulu stumbles along the shoulder of the road, a paper bag of her possessions clutched under one arm.

89 INT/EXT MONTE CARLO - DUSK

89

Charles, fast asleep in the front seat, doesn't see the fugitive Lulu not more than 50 yards away struggling to snag a ride. Nor does he see an enraged Ray burst out of the motel and quickly track her down, grabbing and pushing her back toward the motel. He continues to sleep uninterrupted by the drama that has just unfolded.

90 EXT MOTEL COURTYARD - DUSK

90

An ice machine HUMS quietly in a corner of the courtyard. SUDDENLY, Lulu hits one end of it, slamming her shoulder into the heavy object and giving it a solid jolt. She winces in pain and lets out a CRY.

RAY

You wanted to go swimming, did you?

He grabs her and bounces her off the wall and towards the darkened swimming pool. Pushing her through the gate, he grabs her by the hair and herds her over to the edge.

RAY (CONT.)

Okay, you wanted to swim, well
goddamn it, swim!

He flings her into the pool with a loud SPLASH. After a moment of thrashing around in her shorts and T-shirt, she pops her head up, SPUTTERING and COUGHING.

LULU

(spitting water)

Asshole...

Ray stands on the cement deck and looks down at her. His face holds the pain of betrayal and his VOICE SHAKES with emotion.

RAY

Audry, you know while I was in the joint you're all I thought about. The only reason I made it through from one fucking day to the next in that shithole was the thought of being with you again...

The darkened pool is suddenly flooded with light as the pool lights come on.

90 CONTINUED

RAY'S POV - By the motel gift shop a YOUNG GIRL of about 16 has just turned the pool lights on. She returns to the gift shop where she can be seen through a window working behind the counter.

Ray lowers himself to his haunches where he lights a cigarette and regains his composure.

RAY

You gotta realize something, Audry
...I love you so damn much that
when you lie to me, or you run
away..?

LULU

What, Ray?

RAY

It just hurts me so bad it makes
me want to kill you.

Ray blows smoke through his nose, gazing at her. With a tight-lipped, defiant, final look, Lulu turns from Ray and begins gracefully, luxuriously swimming towards the deep end.

Ray watches as Lulu executes a slick turnaround at pool's end and heads rhythmically back in the other direction.

He runs his hand through his hair and coolly saunters out of the pool area toward the gift shop as Lulu continues her laps in fine style.

CLOSE ON LULU: Her face set in grim determination as she swims, each stroke fighting her considerable fear and anger.

91 INT GIFT SHOP - DUSK

91

A YOUNG ATTRACTIVE GIRL is just hanging the closed sign on the door when Ray appears. They look at each other through the glass.

TRACY

We're closed.

Ray smiles benignly as he runs a hand through his hair and checks the girl out, keeping one eye on the pool at the same time.

RAY

Ah c'mon, just two minutes.

91 CONTINUED

TRACY

We're open tomorrow morning at 7:00.

RAY'S POV - Lulu is seen swimming laps in the pool.

RAY

(looking at Tracy)

I know what I want.

She looks at the clock and gives Ray half a smile before unlocking the door and letting him in.

RAY (CONT.)

Thanks.

He saunters in and looks the place over. Tourist paraphernalia lines the walls. There are also sporting goods and camping equipment as well as a large selection of beach wear. Ray looks over the clothing while casting not so furtive glances at the girl. She is in her mid-teens and a real beauty. Untouched, no make-up, freckles, sportive and very, very impressionable.

RAY (CONT.)

I was in here earlier. I didn't see you.

TRACY

I come on at 6:00.

He checks out a few shirts but seems more interested in Tracy than anything he could possibly buy. The ol' charm is starting to show.

Ray looks out the window periodically, checking up on Lulu who continues to swim laps.

RAY

You own this place?

TRACY

(giggling)

No, my parents do.

RAY

Yeah, what do you do?

TRACY

Go to school.

RAY

Go to college, do you?

91 CONTINUED

TRACY

High school. I'll be a junior next year.

Ray smiles and feigns surprise.

RAY

Still in high school? Well, you look much older. You act much older too.

She blushes. He feels fabric.

RAY (CONT.)

You like it around here?

TRACY

It's okay.

RAY

Don't you get kinda bored? I mean, there's not too much goin' on, is there?

TRACY

Yeah, sometimes.

RAY

(big smile)

Sometimes what? Sometimes it's boring or sometimes there's something to do?

She smiles and blushes. He's really pouring it on.

TRACY

Sometimes it's boring.

RAY

What's your name?

TRACY

Tracy.

Ray steals a peek out the window at the pool and Lulu.

RAY

Tracy, I'm Ray. You ever think about getting out of here? I mean one day leaving this place and really making something of yourself?

91 CONTINUED

TRACY

I don't know.

RAY

A girl with your looks and personality could really do something. You should be out in California making movies or modeling. You should be thinking about your future.

TRACY

I've thought about modeling, but you know, who hasn't?

RAY

Well, I've got some friends out there who are photographers, and I know a few agents...

He moves a little closer and strokes her cheek with the back of his hand.

RAY (CONT.)

I'm going to be living out there soon. I'm on my way to Miami right now. I'm helping my sister move her stuff down there but I'll be back through here in a few days...

TRACY

I don't know. Do you really think I could do it?

RAY

I think you've got what it takes, Tracy. You're a real angel.

He smiles at her, she smiles back. Past her shoulder is a large full-length mirror. Ray catches his reflection in it and can't help but smile at himself and run a hand through his hair, basking in his own charm.

92 EXT TRUCKSTOP - SUNSET

92

Beneath a sky mottled with purple and red, Charles opens the trunk of the dusty Monte Carlo. From a nearby country church, MUSIC can be heard as he digs through the trunk in search of something. As a GOSPEL CHOIR joins the music in a melodious hymn, Charles finds what he's been looking for and pulls a long, black, tire-iron from the trunk.

92 CONTINUED

Against the backdrop of the color-drenched sky he tests the weight and solidity of the potential weapon against his hand.

CHOIR

"...Only believe, only believe,
all things are possible, only
believe..."

Charles slams the cold metal tire-iron down hard on the spare tire. It bounces off with a dull THUD. He gives it another whack and looks uneasily around him. He feels the weight of the metal in his hand and looks up at the sky.

93 INT MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

93

Ray tosses a pile of new beach wear onto the bed. Sitting at the dresser, Lulu towels her wet hair.

RAY

Got us some new clothes. Get dressed and let's get something to eat.

LULU

I'm not hungry.

RAY

Then you can watch me eat.

LULU

You can watch yourself eat.

He fights to control his anger.

RAY

Now don't start up with me, Audry.
C'mon, let's go eat.

He stands waiting by the door.

RAY (CONT.)

I'm not gonna ask next time.

94 EXT HIGHWAY - NIGHT

94

What appears to be a nicely dressed tourist couple walks quickly across the motel courtyard and out to the highway. A light rain has begun to fall and they have to be careful to avoid the spray of the passing cars.

95 INT/EXT MONTE CARLO - NIGHT

95

Charles sits studying the map and sipping from a cup of coffee.

Unnoticed by him, Ray and Lulu make a quick attempt at crossing the highway between speeding vehicles. They cut it a little close to an 18-wheeler and he gives them a blast on his AIR HORN. Charles looks up from his map just in time to see the couple scurry out of the way of the truck and make their way to the diner. He grips the tire-iron beside him.

Caught by surprise, Charles sits silently in the car and watches them be seated in front of one of the diner's big windows.

No sooner have they sat down than a STATE POLICEMAN pulls up. He goes in, and as Charles watches incredulously, is seated in the booth directly behind Lulu and Ray. Charles smiles at his good luck.

96 INT DINER - NIGHT

96

Ray studies a menu as Lulu watches the rain fall outside. Behind Lulu in the next booth, sits the state policeman.

WAITRESS

Can I have your orders, please?

Ray gives the menu one more quick run through.

LULU

Coffee. Black.

From the far end of the diner Charles can be seen. He enters, dressed in his suit with his new shirt and baseball cap. He strides to the booth like he's late for an appointment.

RAY

I'll take a cheeseburger deluxe and a coke. Don't forget the pickles.

The waitress grabs the menus just as Charlie reaches the booth. He spins around her and sits down next to Lulu.

CHARLES

Coffee for me...

He searches for the nametag on her uniform.

CHARLES (CONT.)

Darlene.

96 CONTINUED

He smiles at Ray and flings an arm around Lulu. He then turns around and cops a quick peek at the cop behind them before addressing Ray.

CHARLES (CONT.)

You don't mind, do you, Ray?

LULU

Oh, Charlie, you gotta be outta your mind. You don't know what you're doing.

RAY

Jesus, you are one dumb son-of-a-bitch. I'm almost starting to like you.

Charles sits back and relaxes a little. Ray seems nervous and edgy as he lights up a smoke. Charles waits for the waitress to put the coffee on the table before continuing.

CHARLES

I want Lulu.

Ray smiles and looks at Lulu.

RAY

That your name this week?

(pause)

What makes you think she wants you?

LULU

Don't be stupid, Charlie. Get out of here while you've got the chance. Get in the car and...

RAY

(cutting her off)

Shut up! Just shut-up! This is between me and loverboy here. This has gone beyond being about you.

Cocky as ever, Ray begins to wolf down his cheeseburger. Talking between bites with a full mouth.

RAY (CONT.)

You know, Charlie, you're playing with fire. Lulu is a dangerous woman. She ain't gonna be happy drivin' a stationwagon around the rest of her life. You better

(MORE)

96 CONTINUED

RAY (CONT.)

think about that. You better ask
yourself if you really want her.

CHARLES

I want her.

RAY

Charlie, you gotta fight for a
woman like this. Maybe even
kill for her. When it comes
right down to it, you don't cut
it. When push comes to shove,
you ain't got what it takes.

Charles glances over his shoulder at the cop behind him.

CHARLES

I don't have to fight you, Ray.
I'm gonna take Lulu and we're
gonna waltz right outta here,
and there isn't a damn thing
you can do to stop us.

Charles eases to one side so Ray can get a clear picture
of the cop behind him.

CHARLES (CONT.)

You're a convicted felon in
possession of one, if not several,
concealable weapons. You robbed
a liquor store and assaulted some
poor kid with a gun and on top of
all that, I bet your parole officer
has no idea you left the state.

He sips his coffee nonchalantly and smiles.

CHARLES (CONT.)

Now it's you with something to lose.

RAY

Fuck you.

LULU

He's got you, Ray.

RAY

Fuck you, too.

CHARLES

Ray, be reasonable. I don't want
(MORE)

96 CONTINUED

CHARLES (CONT.)
any more trouble. This is the
easy way out for both of us.

He takes another look at the cop.

CHARLES (CONT.)
Hand over the car keys.

Ray licks his lips nervously. His eyes dart off Charles and the cop, then to Lulu. He rubs his face. He finally, however, decides against immediate mayhem and hands over the keys.

RAY
You're gonna regret this.

CHARLES
Life is full of regrets.
(pause)
Now your wallet.

Ray's upper lip curls. Defiantly, he tosses it to him.

RAY
You think you're pretty smart,
don't you, asshole?

Charles and Lulu stand up.

CHARLES
Yeah, I think I'm pretty smart.

He picks the check up off the table.

CHARLES (CONT.)
Just to show you there's no hard
feelings though, it's on me.

At the door Charles hands the waitress the check.

CHARLES (CONT.)
Darlene, the gentleman back there
will get this.

He smiles at her and they sail out the door. Ray watches them through the window. They wave farewell before dashing across the highway and into the motel courtyard.

WAITRESS
They said you'd take care of this.

96 CONTINUED

Ray turns to find the waitress placing the check on the table.

RAY
That son-of-a-bitch...

The cop is having his coffee cup refilled. He notices Ray and smiles.

97 EXT MOTEL - NIGHT

97

As Charles and Lulu back the Caddy out a late model Volvo stationwagon pulls in. A young FAMILY, with sleepy kids and bulging suitcases, begins to pile out as the Caddy speeds away out of the motel lot.

98 INT/EXT CADDY

98

Lulu hauls ass out onto the highway, as Charles lets out a loud WHOOP in celebration of their escape and turns the RADIO ON.

CHARLES
God, that felt great!
(whoops)
That'll teach 'em to fool with
Charlie Driggs.

The road is black and deserted. Lulu hits the brakes and comes screeching to a stop. She turns the RADIO OFF.

LULU
Get out.

Charles is floored. His jaw drops. He looks at her like she's gone off the deep end.

CHARLES
Are you joking?

LULU
Get out. I saved you, you saved
me. We're even. Now move.

CHARLES
This is crazy.

She opens the door and begins to push him out, finally succeeding.

99 EXT HIGHWAY - NIGHT

99

The Caddy speeds off into the night, leaving Charles

99 CONTINUED

standing there in the darkness. His look is one of utter bewilderment.

In the distance the Caddy stops and begins a fast backward approach. It again screeches to a stop next to Charles who hasn't moved an inch. The door is flung open.

LULU

Get in.

Dutifully he climbs back into the car.

100 INT/EXT CADDY - NIGHT

100

Charles gets in and closes the door. Lulu throws a fit, beating on the steering wheel, pounding on the dashboard and finally ending up with her head pressed against the horn.

LULU

Goddamn you. You lied to me.
You said you were married. I saw
those fucking pictures. Shit!

CHARLES

I was married when those pictures
were taken.

LULU

It's not funny! Look at me, I
got myself involved with a married
man and you're not even married.
I wasn't supposed to be the
vulnerable one here.

She flips the RADIO ON (LOUD), jams the car in gear and takes off down the road. Charlie takes a deep breath and clears his throat. He reaches over and flips the RADIO OFF.

CHARLES

I guess I still wear the ring 'cause
I hate to admit my family fell apart.
I told you I was married because
(pause)
well, to protect myself. Then I
was afraid you'd take off if I
suddenly said, "Guess what? I'm
not really married."

LULU

Correct.

100 CONTINUED

CHARLES

Anyway, you were lying a blue streak to me.

LULU

Exactly.

She flips the RADIO ON, still fuming, and presses the accelerator to the floor.

Charles sits looking at her out of the corner of his eye before reaching over and turning the RADIO OFF.

CHARLES

Ray is a deeply, deeply disturbed guy.

She looks at him like he was only recently born.

LULU

No shit.

CHARLES

I mean deeply disturbed.

LULU

(deadpan)

Capable of anything.

CHARLES

That's what I'm saying... How did you two... I mean, what did you see...

LULU

(cutting him off)

Ray Sinclair was it in that one-horse town. He was cool. He was great looking. I was 15. I married him. Anyway, what's it to you?

She reaches over and CRANKS the RADIO BACK ON.

Charles stares over at her, the realization of the irrevocable gap that now exists between them causing his heart to sink. Lulu stares straight ahead, jaw set. Then, an even worse thought hits Charles:

CHARLES

(turning radio off)

He doesn't know where you live, does he?

100 CONTINUED

Lulu reaches under the seat and extracts Ray's pistol. Charles blanches at the sight of the weapon. She coolly lowers the window and gives it a toss into the marshy ground that surrounds the highway.

LULU

Haven't you figured anything out yet?

RADIO ON.

101 INT DINER - NIGHT

101

The cop sips coffee and Ray waits. There is a KNOCK at the window and Ray finds salvation in the form of the young girl, Tracy, standing outside smiling at him.

RAY

Thank you, Jesus.

102 EXT MOTEL - NIGHT

102

Tracy stands in the doorway watching Ray dig frantically through the junk in the room. He finds what he's been looking for and puts an arm around Tracy as he pushes her out of the room and into the parking lot. In his hand is the reunion booklet.

RAY

Okay, Angel, I'll be back in a few days.

TRACY

Did your sister really run off with a Bible salesman?

RAY

Swear to God. Them religious types are the worst kind. See you soon, huh?

He meshes his body with hers, pressing her against the wall in a deep kiss and groping for her breasts. She responds by rubbing her body against his so enthusiastically that he has to pull himself away. He winks and gives her ass a last feel before she disappears around the corner.

He allows himself a few seconds of contemplation before getting back to business. In this case it's finding a car with an open window. After checking several he comes across the Volvo stationwagon. One of the back windows is open and he hops in.

103 INT VOLVO - NIGHT 103

As he settles into the driver's seat a LOUD HISSING of air and a SQUEAK startle him. He pulls a child's rubber toy from under him and curses. With his heavy boots he kicks at the ignition on the steering column, trying to break it and expose the wires necessary to start it sans key. A few sparks and he's off.

104 INT/EXT VOLVO - NIGHT 104

Ray drives as if possessed by the devil himself. Surrounding him are piles of toys, diapers and other items of Yuppiedom.

105 EXT ROAD - NIGHT 105

As the car peels down an empty street the various articles of suburban life fly out the window.

106 EXT HIGHWAY - NIGHT 106

QUICK CUTS: The Caddy speeds north through the night.

107 EXT JERSEY HIGHWAY - NIGHT 107

The Caddy cruises by a sign announcing their entrance to the Garden State, NEW JERSEY.

108 INT/EXT VOLVO - NIGHT 108

Ray, the intensity of the chase still showing in his face, plows up the highway.

109 INT/EXT CADDY - NIGHT 109

The Caddy races along on the last stretch of turnpike before the City. In the distance, the misty glow of diffused light breaks the horizon as the steel towers of Manhattan lie enveloped in a summer rain.

Behind the wheel for the first time, Charles hits the wiper button and the blades start their methodical rhythm as rain begins to pelt the windshield. Against the passenger's side door Lulu sits gazing into the darkness and the lights of the city beyond. By the dashboard light, her face shows that she holds reservations about the inevitable return to the big city, and home.

LULU

(under her breath)

Shit...

The heavy, foreboding silence broken for a minute, Charles

109 CONTINUED

takes the opportunity to assume this utterance by the sullen Lulu was an invitation for discourse. He looks over at her anxiously.

CHARLES

What?

She remains mute and continues to stare ahead.

CHARLES (CONT.)

Did you say something?

More out of annoyance than anything else, she responds.

LULU

I don't wanna go back to my apartment tonight. I don't wanna go home.

(pause)

Shit.

Charles clears his throat and looks at her.

CHARLES

Well, uh, you can always stay at my place...for tonight. There's not too much in the way of furniture, but...

(laughs)

There's plenty of room.

The rain increases its relentless pounding. Lulu stares ahead.

LULU

Okay. Thanks... But I want you to understand that tomorrow...

Charles looks at her and nods.

CHARLES

(finishing for her)

Yeah, right, I know, "no more Lulu..."

110 INT/EXT VOLVO - NIGHT

110

In one hand Ray holds the page from the reunion booklet with Lulu's address on it, in the other a lighter. He lights a cigarette, looks at the address one last time and ignites the page. He watches it until it disappears into flame and ash, the lights of Manhattan burning in the distance.

111 EXT LONG ISLAND EXPRESSWAY - NIGHT 111

The Caddy, alone on the road at this hour, leaves the expressway at the exit marked 27B-Stoneybrook.

112 EXT PHONE BOOTH - NIGHT 112

Ray stands at an East Village phone booth, speaking to the Information operator.

RAY
(into phone)
Stoneybrook. Driggs, Charles.
It's D-r-i-g-g-s... Yeah, could
you gimme the address on that...

He scribbles it on the palm of his hand and hangs up.

113 EXT HOUSE - NIGHT 113

The Caddy pulls into a well-kept suburban driveway. The exterior of the house is also trim and has the feeling of being looked after in that way peculiar to suburbia.

A very tired Charles and Lulu roll out of the car and make for the door. On the step is the accumulation of three days of newspapers. The mailbox too is heavy with neglected post. Charles gathers everything up and opens the door.

114 INT HOUSE - NIGHT 114

Charles and Lulu step into the living room. It's nearly empty. Not a stick of furniture except for an easy chair that is obviously the one thing that Charles was able to salvage from his marriage. Lulu quickly disappears into the bathroom as Charles eases himself into the big stuffed chair. With delicate fingers he gently kneads his temples for a few seconds before turning his attention to the mail. As he begins sorting through it, Lulu returns and slumps down on the floor across the room.

CLOSE: Sitting on the edge of the lone chair he goes through the mail to find nothing but junk and a myriad of window envelopes. In disgust he lets them fall at his feet.

On the floor Lulu is already asleep. Charles picks her up gently and carries her back to the bedroom.

115 INT BEDROOM - NIGHT 115

Charles puts the exhausted Lulu on the bed. She barely regains consciousness before falling back into dreamland.

115 CONTINUED

He looks at her lying there in his bedroom in the middle of suburbia. The room holds Charles' few worldly possessions. In one corner are his golf clubs, now allowed to remain inside. A few pictures, a stack of books and magazines, a home computer with pages of legal paper nearby - as well as floppy discs and other software paraphernalia. The lean life of a modern bachelor. He flips the light out.

LULU

Charlie...

He stands in the doorway looking back into the darkened bedroom.

CHARLES

Yeah?

LULU

(drowsily)

What are you gonna do now that you've seen how the other half lives?

CHARLES

The other half?

LULU

(murmurs)

The other half of you.

Charles turns and walks down the hall.

116 INT LIVING ROOM

116

Sitting back in his easy chair he closes his eyes and tries to relax. He takes his jacket off and puts it over him like a blanket. Pushing his chair to the recline position, he makes his first attempt at sleep in many, many hours.

FADE OUT

FADE IN

117 INT LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

117

The gauzy light of first dawn is just starting to fill the room. In the big easy chair, Charles sleeps soundly.

RAY

C'mon, Charlie, rise an' shine!

117 CONTINUED

The light is flipped on and Charles is yanked from his chair and sent flying across the room where he lands in a heap. Ray stands over him with cold, hard death in his eyes, T-shirt clad, tattoos rippling over quivering muscles. As Charles struggles to sit up, Ray's boot buries itself in the wall mere inches from Charles' head.

RAY (CONT.)

This is no-shit time, boy, let's see what you're made of!

Ray grabs Charles by the throat and jerks him to his feet, quickly dropping him again with a punch to the mid-section. Charles slides down the wall gasping for breath, a small trickle of blood leaking from his nose.

RAY (CONT.)

Charlie, I'm gonna make you sorry you were ever born.

Charles takes a swift kick to the ribs and lets out a GRUNT with the impact of the heavy combat boot.

LULU (OFF)

Charlie?

Ray, alerted by the sound of Lulu's voice, picks Charles up and shoves him violently towards the hallway and back bedroom where Lulu stands peering sleepily from the doorway.

LULU'S POV - Charles is slammed viciously from wall to wall as Ray herds him down the hallway.

LULU

Ray, stop it, you'll kill him!

Ray ricochets Charles off the hall wall and into the bathroom where he falls onto the floor by the sink.

RAY

Kill 'im? Hell, I'm just warmin' up.

Ray gives Lulu a shove and she flies backwards into the bedroom.

118 INT BEDROOM - NIGHT

118

Ray follows Lulu into the bedroom where he sends her careening off a wall with another push. Stunned for a second, she can only watch helplessly as he cuts the phone line with the K-bar from his boot.

118 CONTINUED

RAY

Well, Audry, I'm glad to see you
finally made it to the suburbs.

119 INT BATHROOM - NIGHT

119

Ray hauls the groggy Charles over the rim of the tub and shoves his head under the faucet. Turning the cold water on, he gives Charles a good douching before pulling him across the floor to the sink.

RAY

Charlie, Charlie...You stole my
wife and then you stole my car.
What are we gonna do about that,
huh?

He looks around the bathroom. On the back of the toilet is Lulu's purse. He empties the contents out haphazardly, spilling most of it on Charles still lying on the floor. Quickly, locating the handcuffs, he cuffs Charles to the drainpipe under the sink.

RAY (CONT.)

You just don't seem to understand
that Audry is a married woman.
She's married to me...

Ray tears open the medicine cabinet and dishelves the pharmaceuticals within until he finds a roll of white adhesive tape. Taking one of Lulu's stockings out of the pile of items dumped from her purse, he stuffs it into Charles' mouth before wrapping several feet of adhesive tape around his head like a rodeo cowboy tying the feet of a calf.

RAY (CONT.)

Now I don't care what she tells
you, I know my wife and she don't
like men like you. You white-bread
faggots just don't do it for her.

A SOUND from the bedroom alerts Ray just in time to see Lulu make a dash for safety. With a quick move, he sticks a foot out the door as she passes and sends her flying face first onto the hallway floor.

120 INT HALLWAY - NIGHT

120

In a flash, Ray is on her, picking her up roughly and gripping the hair on the back of her head. He pushes

120 CONTINUED

her back towards the bedroom. As they move by the bathroom, she takes a quick look inside.

LULU'S POV - Charles lies sprawled out on the floor, cuffed and taped, for the moment, entirely helpless.

121 INT BEDROOM - NIGHT

121

In a last-ditch effort to avoid defeat, Lulu tries vainly to fight off Ray, but is no match for him physically. He gingerly avoids her flailing fists and tosses her onto the bed where she lands with a SMACK against the wooden headboard, collapsing it to the floor.

122 INT BATHROOM - NIGHT

122

Charles is now fully conscious and testing the handcuffs and drainpipe for any weaknesses. He pulls violently and twists himself into a better position. From the other room the SOUNDS of struggle continue.

LULU (OFF)

You rotten bastard!

Charles shakes and twists the drainpipe vainly.

RAY (OFF)

Hey, Charlie, you wanna come in here and see how it's done?

(laughing)

Audry tells me you ain't even sure where to put it. Said you left her so frustrated she just had to knock off a quick piece with me.

The sense of urgency in Charles' struggles is intensified. He attempts to kick at the pipe and sink. As the NOISE from the bedroom grows louder he begins an all-out assault on the bathroom sink and surrounding fixtures. Water begins to spurt from the damaged pipes.

123 INT BEDROOM - NIGHT

123

Ray holds Lulu pinned to the bed as she continues to struggle. With one arm he pulls his T-shirt off over his head, leaving his muscles to glisten with sweat in the half-light.

RAY

I didn't get out just to lose you to some shit-bird in a suit and tie, baby.

124 INT BATHROOM - NIGHT

124

LULU (OFF)

You son-of-a-bitch!

MUFFLED SCREAMS drift through the house, as Charles kicks madly at the sink, finally shattering it and sending plaster and tile all over the bathroom.

Water gushes and spurts everywhere as Charles, with herculean effort, twists one end of the drainpipe out of its fixture and slips the cuffs over the top. Pulling the tape from his mouth, he tries to catch his breath for a second as the water washes over the floor and into the hall.

125 INT BEDROOM - NIGHT

125

Lulu lies pinned on the bed as Ray hunches over her trying to avoid her kicking legs.

SUDDENLY, a pair of cuffed hands make their appearance over Ray's head and slip neatly around his neck. Ray sags under the weight of a frenzied Charles Driggs.

Ray, rising from the bed, spins and twists in a frantic effort to rid himself of the man on his back. The two crash into walls and bounce crazily around the room. With every jarring collision and crash, Charles GRUNTS in pain from his damaged ribs as he continues his effort to subdue Ray.

It's now a question of how much punishment Charles can take as Ray methodically pummels him into walls and door jambs. Papers and books fly off the desk and the bag of Charles' golf clubs is sent into disarray as the two crash through the room and out into the hall.

126 INT HALLWAY - NIGHT

126

Under Charles' weight, Ray has begun to tire. They stagger through the hall, lurch into the wall, and fall onto the bathroom floor.

127 INT BATHROOM - NIGHT

127

Charles, completely exhausted, loses his grip on Ray and is pushed aside by the stronger man. Ray gets to his feet as Charles lies wedged between the wall and the toilet.

Charles tries to rise. He places his cuffed hands on top of the toilet and attempts to pull himself up. Ray stops him by placing a boot on his chest and pushing him back down. The boot slides to his throat and grows heavier.

127 CONTINUED

Ray reaches for Charles' cuffed hands that claw at his leg. Ray, grasping the chain link between the cuffs, pulls Charles' arm straight. Charles lies half pinned to the floor and half to the wall, being choked and having his arms pulled from their sockets at the same time.

Ray coolly reaches for the K-bar in his other boot.

RAY

Okay, motherfucker, you're dead.

He holds the knife up. Charles' eyes bulge as he sees Ray and the knife, on the verge of cutting the life out of him.

CLOSE: A heavy metal putter is brought down on Ray's exposed wrist. He lets out a HOWL and drops the knife.

Lulu is on Ray in an instant, raging mad and attacking like a wild banshee. She clutches at him and tries to match him in ferocity as they waltz across the bathroom in a dance of death.

Charles, his life redeemed for a moment, manages to get to his feet, picking up the knife as he does. He holds it in his hands awkwardly, and takes a few steps as Ray and Lulu struggle on.

With a bullish shove, Ray sends Lulu flying into the tub where she makes a grab at the shower curtain in a vain attempt to keep her balance. Landing with a CRASH, she pulls the plastic shower curtain down with her and is lost from view.

Without wasting time or motion, Ray turns and lunges at Charles.

CHARLES

Ray!

CLOSE: The two men's faces, only inches apart, appear to freeze in time but their expressions differ greatly. Ray registers a look of genuine surprise. He can't quite figure out what it is he did wrong but he knows that it has cost him his life. Charles, on the other hand, looks terribly pained, almost as if he were the one with 8 inches of combat steel under his sternum.

CUT TO:

CLOSE: Lulu, trying to pull herself out of the tub, stops as she notices that Ray and Charles have stopped

127 CONTINUED

their fighting. Her jaw sags and her mouth drops open as she stares at the eerie sight of, what was a moment ago, two mortal enemies now frozen, silent, one.

CUT TO:

CLOSE: Ray's breathing is ragged and unsteady. Charles stands as if in a dream, not daring to move as Ray swallows drying and tries to focus his vision on a point only he can see.

RAY
Aw shit, Charlie...

Slowly Ray pulls back. The LOUD CLATTER of the knife hitting the cold tile floor echoes off the bathroom walls.

CUT TO:

CLOSE: Lulu, now realizing what has happened, can do nothing but watch sadly as the seconds tick by.

Ray takes a step back and turns to the mirror. His hands cover his heart. Slowly, almost as if he were his old self, he raises one hand to his face and runs it, in his now familiar gesture, through his hair. His bloody fingers leave red streaks on his temple as a weak smile crosses his lips.

Charles and Lulu continue to watch helplessly as Ray slowly turns and walks out of the bathroom.

128 INT HALLWAY - NIGHT

128

Ray moves with small steps down the hall. SPLISH SPLASHING sounds follow as he plods through the water on the floor. A bloodied hand on the wall for balance leaves a single, thin streak of blood as he goes.

At the end of the hall, Ray turns the corner and disappears.

A moment later, the SOUND of his body hitting the floor can be heard through the darkness.

129 INT BATHROOM - NIGHT

129

Charles and Lulu remain unmoved, staring into space as they silently contemplate the death of Ray Sinclair.

FADE OUT

FADE IN

130 INT/EXT PARAMEDIC TRUCK - EARLY MORNING

130

Charles and Lulu sit side by side in the cluttered back of a paramedic truck. Their expressions have changed little from the preceding scene. Shock is still etched in their faces although Charles now wears a large white bandage across the bridge of his nose and a PARAMEDIC is busy wrapping yards of white tape around his bruised and battered ribs. He raises his arm weakly, as if it were a broken wing.

Outside the open truck doors is a swirl of activity. All the PERSONNEL required for a homicide investigation are present. Half the neighborhood is also present. KIDS, DOGS and WOMEN IN BATHROBES vie for position to get a glimpse inside the truck. Several plainclothesmen hover outside the truck, note pads in hand as they murmur details back and forth. Over the truck RADIO, static and scratchy communications continue, adding a prevailing buzz to the swarm of official personnel and numerous BYSTANDERS.

The paramedic finishes wrapping Charles' ribs and flings a shirt over his bare shoulders. Through the open door the remains of Ray Sinclair can be seen enveloped in a black body bag as he's carried away. Charles watches him go.

DICK (OFF)

You know 'im?

Charles and Lulu still sit mutely, unaware that they're being spoken to.

DICK (CONT.)

Did you know the guy?

The Dick remains outside the truck door, invisible to anyone but Charles and Lulu. Finally, Lulu responds.

LULU

He was my husband.

DICK

What's your name?

LULU

Audry...

The Dick, still behind the door, waits for her to finish. After several moments he extends his hand to her.

130 CONTINUED

DICK

Audry, you wanna come with me.

She slowly gets up and steps out of the truck. Charles watches her leave. He turns slowly, trying to avoid the pain from his ribs. Finally, he pulls himself to his feet and steps to the truck door.

CHARLES' POV - Lulu is being helped into the backseat of a police car.

Charles stands at the back door of the truck and watches. As the police car pulls away Lulu looks back and catches his eye. Before she disappears she raises her hand and gives him a small but distinct wave.

FADE OUT

FADE IN

131 INT/EXT OFFICE - DAY

131

CLOSE: A large oak door with the name Charles A. Driggs, Vice President is given a few sharp RAPS before being pushed open by Larry Dillman.

DILLMAN

Hello, Charles...

Dillman stands with his head stuck in the door peering at Charles who's at his desk in the modest office. Across the bridge of his nose is a Band-Aid partially hidden by a huge pair of sunglasses. Different, however, is the fact that he wears THE BLUE SUIT. It's been cleaned and pressed and looks A number 1 on Charles, the only thing that looks good about him. Aside from the Band-Aid across his nose and blackened eyes, he sports a sling that holds one arm fast to his side. His face is unshaven.

CHARLES

Larry.

Charles is cleaning out his desk and pulling pictures off his wall. He's in the process of packing up and leaving.

DILLMAN

We're uh, all real sorry about you leaving. No way to change your mind, I guess?

131 CONTINUED

CHARLES

Don't think so.

Charles continues to clean and pack.

DILLMAN

Is there anything I can do?

Charles looks around at his empty office. He smiles at Dillman.

CHARLES

Thanks, Larry. Not a thing.

FADE OUT

FADE IN

132 EXT APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

132

Charles, standing in front of the familiar East Village apartment building, pushes the buzzer with the number 3R next to it. The door buzzes and he steps in.

133 INT APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

133

As he reaches the steps he hears a female VOICE.

GIRL

Who is it?

Charles looks up at the stairwell to find a young girl hanging over the railing looking down at him. She is in the same mold as Lulu; young, wild, on her own in the big city.

CHARLES

(slightly confused)

I'm looking for the woman in 3R.
Lulu is her name. Or Audry.

GIRL

I'm in 3R. It must be the girl
who moved out.

CHARLES

Moved out?

GIRL

Yeah, I just got in here a couple
days ago. Are you a cop?

133 CONTINUED

CHARLES

No, I just look like one. Do you know where she went? Did she leave a forwarding address?

GIRL

Nope. I moved in and the place was empty.

CHARLES

All right, thanks.

He turns to leave.

GIRL

Hey, do you know what her rent was?

CHARLES

Her rent?

GIRL

This building is supposed to be rent stabilized. I wanna know if the landlord is screwin' me.

CHARLES

It wouldn't surprise me.

134 EXT APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

134

Charles stands out in front of the building. Passing him by are countless women. Many have a certain Lulu-esque quality but are not the real thing. He straightens his tie and walks away.

135 EXT SIDEWALKS OF MANHATTAN - DAY

135

Charles roams the streets, walking aimlessly through the various neighborhoods of lower Manhattan.

Charles finds himself on the sidewalk across the street from the SQUARE DINER. He almost looks surprised.

He braves downtown traffic and crosses the street.

136 INT/EXT RESTAURANT - DAY

136

In the same, yes the very same restaurant where Charles sat so long ago eating his diet special...he now sits again. Same window, same table, same chair. The only thing missing is Lulu.

136 CONTINUED

Lunch is over. The WAITRESS puts the check down in front of him. He picks it up and looks at it. He smiles to himself and lays a fiver down next to the check on the table and walks out.

137 EXT SIDEWALK - HIGH NOON

137

Charles shuffles up the sidewalk.

FEMALE VOICE (OFF)

Hey, you...

Charles stops in his tracks.

FEMALE VOICE (OFF)

Hey, you didn't pay for your lunch.

He turns to find the waitress hot on his heels.

CHARLES

What?

She holds the check in her hand.

CHARLES (CONT.)

Sure I paid, didn't I?

He searches her uniform for the ever-present nametag.

CHARLES (CONT.)

...Dottie?

DOTTIE

C'mon, Mister...

As he pulls his wallet out his eye catches a movement behind the waitress. There stands a woman, outrageously attired with a severe hair style and ultra hightech sunglasses, smiling at him and waving a \$5 bill.

CLOSE: Charles does a doubletake and studies this apparition standing on the sidewalk in front of him.

Lulu waves the fiver at him and raises her glasses.

CHARLES

(to Dottie)

Keep the change.

He gives the waitress another five spot absentmindedly and misses the sneer she gives him in return. He rubs the bridge of his nose.

137 CONTINUED

CHARLES (CONT.)

Sure, anytime...

They slowly come together. Charles and Lulu. Again.

CLOSE: On her lapel is a pseudo-psychedelic nametag with the name AUDRY on it.

She smiles. He smiles.

CHARLES (CONT.)

You never said goodbye.

LULU

I never wanted to say goodbye.

They stand looking at each other, neither one moving a muscle.

LULU (CONT.)

Wanna lift?

CHARLES

Sure...Audry, why not...

They cross the street to an old beater by the curb and climb in.

THE END